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NEW YORK'S NEW RECREATION PIER AT THE FOOT OF THIRD STREET, EAST RIVER.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 706.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE SEAL QUESTION REVIVED.

THE seal controversy is being carried on by the present administration, and letters have passed between our own and the British government that ought to bring the vexed question to a settlement. This question has been agitated for many years, and various fortunes have attended the American case. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Sherman are simply continuing the policy of their predecessors, under practically the same advice and guidance; for Mr. Hamlin, when he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was the acknowledged government expert, and the source, if not the author, of the despatches of the State Department at Washington on the seal question.

The substance of the new despatches, and of the instructions that Ambassador Hay carried to London, is that Great Britain should observe good faith in fulfilling the rules laid down by the Paris tribunal in 1893, notwithstanding the objections of the Dominion. In this controversy the government of the United States is clearly right, and the British government clearly wrong. More than once in the course of the discussion our government has been wrong. The contention of Mr. Blaine as to questions of right, for example, was wrong, and the Paris tribunal so decided. But it also decided, on ethical grounds, that the two governments ought to act together for the protection of the seals and for the maintenance of the seal herds. From the moment the differences between the two governments were submitted to arbitration each was bound to carry out in good faith whatever decision might be rendered. The matter of first importance embraced in the decision was the common duty of the two governments to protect the lives of the seals against the wasteful, ruthless, and inhuman slaughter of the pelagic sealers, the large majority of whom were, and continue to be, Canadians. A matter of secondary importance was the claim of the Canadians against the United States for damages caused to pelagic sealers by reason of their unwarrantable seizure. The refusal of the Senate to pay the amount agreed upon by Secretary Gresham and Sir Julian Pauncefote was not a violation of the award, and the delay of our government in settling the claims would be more unfortunate if the other party to the award had fulfilled its obligations. But in view of the refusal of Great Britain to carry out the rulings sincerely and earnestly, this country is not open to serious reproach for delaying the payment of claims arising out of an award which its creditor is treating with contempt, and especially does it not lie in the mouths of the advocates of British interests to criticise our conduct in this respect.

The first duty of the two governments under the award of the Paris tribunal was the enactment of regulations for making effective the rules laid down in the award for the preservation of seal life, and the furnishing of the necessary force for their administration. The rules decreed by the tribunal were themselves insufficient. The close season, from the 1st of May to the 1st of August, was too short, and the protected zone of sixty miles was too little. Insufficient as these provisions were, however, some good might have been accomplished if the two powers had actually united to confine pelagic slaughtering to licensed vessels, and to the waters beyond the sixty-mile limit in the permitted season. This government accepted the award, and so far as the rules for the protection of the seals were concerned, enacted a proper law for their enforcement. But the very first act of the British government showed that it was under the influence of the Canadian pelagic sealers, and that little assistance was to be expected from it so long as the task of carrying out the award was to be performed under the advice and presumably for the benefit of those who were chiefly interested in the wholesale slaughter of the seals. It was considered essential by the tribunal that the use of fire-arms in seal-hunting should be prohibited. This was merely the adoption of a principle that had long governed both countries in their dealings with the pelagic sealers. Under the *modus vivendi* that preceded the award, the rule obtained that the possession of fire-arms by a sealing-vessel navigating Bering Sea should be *prima facie* evidence of their use. This rule of evidence was recognized by the British statute of 1891, which was passed for the enforcement of the *modus vivendi*. It was recognized by the act of Congress of 1894, passed for the enforcement of the Paris award. But that award simply forbade the employment of fire-arms; and the British government, under Canadian influence of course, refused to continue a rule of evidence which, when free from such influence, it had voluntarily adopted, and which all sealers and experts agree is absolutely essential to the execution of the rule laid down by the tribunal—that fire-arms shall not be used by sealers. It was the refusal of the British government to agree, among other things, to insert a provision re-establishing this presumption that led to the failure of joint regulations since the season of 1894.

Not only has the British government refused to make proper regulations, but it has also failed to supply the force necessary for carrying into effect the provisions of the award. It has left this task to the United States, refusing at the same time to agree to regulations without which the award is inoperative. In other words, it has left the seal herd exposed to the assaults of Canadian pelagic sealers, who are practically free from search by British authority, and who are saved from condemnation, if actually seized, by the failure of British justice. What is needed is a revision of the rules to make them comply with the facts of seal life, and their honest enforcement by both powers. The latter, at all events, the United States government has the right to demand. The influence that is hostile to an immediate assent to this demand, and incidentally to both American and English interests, is Canadian. In a recent speech in London, Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian premier, professed great friendship for this country. He cannot better show the sincerity of that profession than by relieving Lord Salisbury of the pressure from Canada which has thus far prevented him from keeping the promises that he made to Mr. Bayard in 1885, and from yielding loyal obedience to the decree of the tribunal to which in 1893 Great Britain voluntarily submitted its case.

ANARCHY AND PLUTOCRACY.

PERHAPS the most remarkable of the Fourth-of-July addresses was that which ex-Governor Altgeld delivered in Brooklyn. It was the more remarkable because in New York the Tammany celebration, which is the principal survival of the "old-fashioned Fourth of July," was carefully and successfully steered clear of current national politics. Tammany endorsed Bryan in the interest of "regularity," and in consequence the city of New York, for the first time in its history, gave a majority against the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. With a municipal election on its hands, Tammany will not wilfully repeat that experience. In Brooklyn the "regular organization" kept as clear of Altgeld as in New York it did of Bryan, and the ex-Governor appeared under the auspices of a collection of cranks and come-outers, without representative character or political responsibility. The meeting was obviously an assemblage in the Cave of Adullam.

Nobody could be better fitted to address the Adullamites than ex-Governor Altgeld. Not that he is one of them. He may be in debt, and he may be discontented, but it is not because he has not addicted himself, in the pursuit of happiness, to all the arts of the "Shylock" and the "shark." But whether he believes fifty per cent. or five per cent. or no per cent. of what he says, he knows what his hearers will believe. There could be no more thorough-going demagogue, nor any more effective exponent of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. His address was throughout an endeavor to stir up strife between those who have and those who lack, and to array the failures of society against its successes.

Of course, when the majority of voters fail to feel that they have any stake in the constitution of society, in law and order, and the honest fulfilment of contracts, such appeals will be successful, and the effect of them will be ruinous. That bad time, however, does not show so many signs of coming as Altgeld could wish. But in the mean time what miserable mischief he and his kind have done in committing the organization of a great party against law and order and against the national honor! First, if not worst of all, they have postponed indefinitely the redress of the very grievances of which they complain.

For there are grievances, as this journal has over and over urged. The power of associated wealth "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." It was the abuses of corporate wealth under the protection of the tariff and the patronage of the Republican party that mainly produced the popular uprising of 1892, and sent to Washington a President and a Congress charged with a mandate to reform the tariff which sheltered these abuses. An honest and strenuous effort was made in the House, under the leadership of Mr. Wilson, to execute the popular will. It was an inspiring struggle. It deserved to succeed, and it would have succeeded if the same power which had obtained monopolies under the tariff had not corrupted Senators who, equally with the Representatives, were charged with the execution of the popular mandate.

But this shameful defeat did not destroy the cause. It should have been and it would have been renewed, and renewed with an absolute assurance of ultimate success, if the Democratic party had chosen to carry it on. The recreants who had, as Mr. Cleveland put it, "blighted the councils of the brave," could not possibly have stood up before the indignation of the American people, nor withstood its will, unless the public attention had been directed from their performances. They would have been driven into compliance or obscurity, and the grievances of which the people justly complained would have been redressed. The Republicans gave every opportunity for an aggressive campaign on the part of their opponents. They called for a tariff more protective than ever of the monopolists. It is true they coupled this demand with the monstrous untruth that their party was "the foe of trusts"—an untruth as palpable and almost as absurd as the concurrent statement that "protection and reciprocity go hand in hand." But they offered every opportunity to their opponents to meet them upon the old issue, upon which their opponents were in the right.

Nothing could permanently have saved the trusts, and nothing could have saved the "Senators from Havemeyer," but a diversion of the public attention. Such a diversion was effected for them by the Altgelds and Tillmans who got possession of the Democratic party, and made use of that possession to begin a campaign against civilization. In the presence of this new issue, they forced the friends of order and justice and honor to take sides against them, and to reinstate "the foe of trusts," with the result, we now see, of entrenching the trusts more firmly than ever. The effective curbing of corporate power and corporate greed is indefinitely postponed, and the grievances of the people must for the present go unredressed. For this result the Tillmans and Altgelds, the fanatics and the demagogues, who have had their will of the Democratic party, have the heaviest responsibility.

THE PARK AND THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

THE disagreement between the experts appointed by the Park Commissioners on the one hand, and the majority of the commission and the directors of the Botanical Society on the other, concerning the site for the proposed buildings of the society in Bronx Park, seems to us to be worthy of further comment.

The question involved is not only of great but of general importance. Every city in the country which possesses a park whose beauty is wholly or partly that of natural scenery is concerned in it; and every citizen who believes in the elevating, soothing, and moral influences of such scenery ought to be aroused to the necessity of exerting all his influence to bring about a change in the plans affecting Bronx Park. The intrusion into natural scenery of buildings, no matter how beautiful in themselves, and of formal gardens, no matter how charming and instructive in their own way, is wrong. Moreover, it may be an example, especially if set by such public-spirited citizens as the directors of the Botanical Garden and in so conspicuous a spot as the Bronx Park, which will be followed to the ruin of the parks of other cities. Already we hear of an intention to destroy the charm of one of the Buffalo parks by the erection in it of a museum; and we know, generally, that it is too much the habit of promoters of beneficent enterprises to suggest that money may be saved for an otherwise good purpose by securing a free gift of part of a park that has been dedicated to the public for its recreation and its health.

In another part of this issue of the Weekly will be found a drawing which shows the proposed museum and glass house in the spot which has been determined on, and where they will be erected unless the directors of the Botanical Garden or the Park Commissioners can be induced to change their minds. It will be seen that the surroundings of the structures are of great natural beauty. In fact, there is probably no other park in the world

which contains such beautiful scenery as that in the midst of which it is proposed to place these buildings. If the property included in the Bronx Park was purchased with any intelligence, it was procured because of its natural beauties. It is now proposed that these natural beauties shall no longer exist for the pleasure that they may give and the good that they may do to wearied denizens of the town, but that they shall become accessories of a botanical garden; in other words, that the property shall be devoted to a new purpose, which, although most admirable, is not to be compared with the original purpose when the well-being of the mass of citizens in New York is considered.

In the issue of *Garden and Forest* of June 30 there appeared an editorial on "Natural Beauty in Urban Parks," which we trust the Park Commissioners and the directors of the Botanical Garden will carefully read and ponder, and especially we commend to their thoughtful attention the following passage, pregnant with truth and sound morals:

> When we consider the almost universal admiration and even affection among civilized men and women for broad natural landscapes, for "scenery as distinct from scenes," and consider its special restoring effect upon those who suffer from the nervous strain of city life, we have the one justifying reason for large urban parks. Small parks and play-grounds, formal squares, plazas, and promenades, are all valuable for other purposes, but for the highest rest and refreshment nothing will fill the place of stretches of beautiful natural scenery. Artificiality, the needless intrusion of buildings, anything which interferes with seclusion and the actual contact and communion with pure nature, defeats to some extent the highest purpose of such parks. The idea should never be harbored that rural parks can be improved by buildings, however noble, by any work of art which is not entirely in harmony with the spirit of the scene, or by so-called decorative gardening, however choice and rare the plants employed.

If the Board of Directors of the Botanical Society are as wise and considerate as they are public-spirited, they will consent to withdraw their plans, and to construct their buildings where their excellent purposes may be accomplished without depriving the people of New York of the beauties of nature which are "ready-made" in the Bronx Park, and to obtain an artificial semblance to which in Central Park the "city spent money like water."

A SUGGESTION FOR GOOD WORK.

A few days ago there was published in the daily papers a touching appeal which ought to bring forth a generous response. It was written by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Its reading will lead to reflection, for it is a vigorous and interesting paper, and the writer speaks with the fulness of a knowledge obtained by a noble self-sacrifice in that part of the city which we are accustomed to call the "slums," but which has ceased to be the "slums" to those who must dwell there, but who have been so fortunate as to come under her care and within her influence. Mrs. Lathrop urges on those who have money to give the necessity of putting up at once whatever hospitals may be most quickly and cheaply constructed, that the sick who are calling for immediate relief, and who, she justly says, are as entitled to immediate consideration as are the wounded of the battle-field, may not suffer and die while collections are being made for the erection of costly hospitals, for the maintenance of which, too often, money, of which the poor have none, is charged the patients. Mrs. Lathrop's work has been mainly with cancer patients, and she makes some practical suggestions with reference to the meeting of their special requirements.

POVERTY AND SCHOLARSHIP.

The fact that the culmination of the athletic season, which comes in the neighborhood of Commencement week, invariably throws the scholarly side of university life into the shade, has been used from year to year as a text for preaching down college sports. Yet it is very well known that in the English universities, where athletics have reached a far higher and broader cultivation, the position of the "honor first" is all that it should be. It seems possible, therefore, that the obscurity of our scholars may be due to some other cause.

The main reason why academic distinctions are at a discount in America is that until the very eve of Commencement they are mainly limited to men who declare poverty. By a fallacy which, though simple enough, is very natural to the undergraduate mind, the typical scholar has come to be the man of preoccupied life and few friends. And where competition for scholarships is limited to the minority of the poor, the chief requisite for success is hard work rather than ability. Not a few scholarship men have, according to ordinary standards, been notably dull. In the narrow and far from thoughtful undergraduate world a very small proportion of scholars of this description is sufficient to fix the type, and thus to work great harm to the dignity and authority of the really brilliant men of a class, especially when these, as often happens, are themselves scholarship men. The vital distinction between the status of athletics and scholarship in our universities thus lies in the fact that athletic honors are gained by honest man-to-man competition, while scholarships are limited to a favored few. At graduation, to be sure, no such distinction obtains. Yet it is hardly to be expected that men accustomed for four years to regard success in scholarship as the badge of the obscure, will radically alter their frame of mind for Commencement week.

The most obvious means for habilitating learning is to award the scholarships and their accompanying stipends without regard to poverty or riches, as is done in England; but this is so obviously at variance with the spirit of our institutions as not to be considered. A plan has been this year put in operation at Harvard that admirably meets all conditions. A distinction has always existed between scholars of the first rate, and worthy though undistinguished students. The faculty has now established scholarships without stipend, called John Harvard scholarships, which are awarded to the men not in need of money whose standing would have entitled them to hold scholarship of the first rate. Thus for the first time in the history of American education the distinction of a scholarship is open to rich and poor alike; for the first time well-to-do undergraduates are offered a tangible reward of excellence. Already the dignity of scholarship is more generally recognized; and it is to be hoped that this sane and democratic provision will be generally adopted. By no means the least virtue of such a change is its tacit recognition of the fact that the soundness of democratic institutions consists not in favoring the weak, but in giving the strong every facility for exerting their strength for the public good.

MORE QUESTIONS CONCERNING HAWAII.

Some of the most prominent advocates of the Hawaii annexation scheme are credited with saying that they are by no means in favor of an indiscriminate territorial aggrandizement of this republic; that they desire and expect the annexation of Hawaii to remain an isolated instance, and that if it were to become the initiation of a general policy of promiscuous territorial acquisition, they would oppose it. The gentlemen who seek to make the pending scheme palatable to the public by such smooth representations are earnestly invited to meditate upon the following questions:

What have been so far, especially since the close of our civil war, the principal considerations which deterred so many patriotic, cool-headed, and clear-sighted Americans from favoring the annexation of such countries as Cuba, San Domingo, St. Thomas, and the like? Was it not an intelligent as well as reverential respect for the traditional policy of the republic, according to which, if there was to be any territorial expansion at all, it should be confined to the acquisition of territory on our continent, within comparatively easy reach, and to be occupied by a population homogeneous to that of the United States? Was it not the belief that it would be dangerous to our free institutions to incorporate in our political system populations so different from ours in origin, morals, traditions, habits of life, impulses, and ways of thinking as to make the necessary assimilation with our people appear impossible, especially populations living under climatic conditions calculated to perpetuate those radical differences and incongruities? Was it not the apprehension that the admission of such populations as fellow-citizens among us, with all the political rights and privileges of American citizenship, enabling them to take part in governing this country, would introduce into our body politic elements of demoralization and disorder far more dangerous, and problems of race and of social antagonism far more perplexing, than any we have had so far to contend with? Was it not the further apprehension that the acquisition of distant, especially insular, possessions would entail upon this republic incalculable burdens in the shape of large armaments to be maintained for their protection and defence? Was it not, in other words, the belief that the advantages we might gain by such acquisitions would be immeasurably outweighed by the dangers and troubles they would bring upon us?

Nobody acquainted with our political history will deny that it was this conservative sentiment adhering to the traditions of the government, that turned the popular mind against the incorporation of distant, and especially of tropical, countries in this republic. It was the respectful recognition and observance of a rule of policy sanctioned by the patriotic statesmanship of the past, from the breaking of which the popular mind instinctively recoiled. What, then, would the breaking of this rule by the annexation of Hawaii signify, and what would be its effect as to our future policy?

Would the annexation of Cuba, or of San Domingo, or of any or all of the West India Islands, appear more objectionable than that of the Hawaiian Islands? True, Cuba and San Domingo and the rest of the West India Islands are not contiguous to the United States, but separated from our shores by a broad stretch of sea. But are not the Hawaiian Islands ten times as far away from our shores? True, Cuba or San Domingo or other West India Islands would require a considerable increase of our armament for their protection and defence. But would not the Hawaiian Islands, at a distance of more than two thousand miles from our western coast, require a much greater increase of our armaments for the same purpose? True, Cuba, San Domingo, and the rest of the West India Islands are laboring under the influences of a tropical climate, and the bulk of their population would, if incorporated in our political system and added to the rulers of this republic, prove a demoralizing and highly dangerous element. But would not the population of the Hawaiian Islands, also laboring under the influences of a tropical climate, and consisting more than four-fifths of Asiatics, with a comparatively slight sprinkling of Europeans, and only an infinitesimal number of Americans, be still more unfit to be incorporated in our political system? Would they not burden us with race problems still more grave, and with political complications still more dangerous and perplexing? It is said that we must have Hawaii because it is the "key"—whatever that may mean—to the commerce of the Pacific Ocean, and that, if in the hands of any other great power, it would "command" or "threaten" our western coast. But—if for argument's sake we adopt that fanciful terminology—are not the West India Islands, or any of them, in a larger sense to be regarded as the "key" to the Central and South American trade; and do they not, or does not any one of them, in the hands of another great power, "command" or "threaten" our eastern coast?

Does it not thus turn out that the objections that are made to the annexation of non-contiguous and especially of tropical countries apply much less to the West India Islands than to Hawaii? And are not all the arguments in behalf of the acquisition of "keys" or of "commanding" or "threatening" positions, if they have any sense at all, far stronger if applied to the annexation of the West India Islands than to that of Hawaii? Is it not clear, then, that if the objections to such annexations are to be overruled at all, they can be overruled much more easily in favor of the acquisition of the West India Islands than in favor of the acquisition of Hawaii; and that if the reasons given for such acquisitions are to be accepted at all, those reasons should much rather be accepted in favor of annexing the West India Islands than of annexing Hawaii? The annexation of Hawaii being, considered from the point of view of our traditional conservative policy, the most objectionable of all, and, considered from the point of view of the expansionists themselves, in a far less degree a "commercial and strategical necessity" than the acquisition of other countries nearer to our shores, must we not expect that if Hawaii is actually annexed in spite of those exceptionally strong objections, and on account of such comparatively feeble reasons, the acquisition of other tropical countries, the objections to which are less strong and the reasons for the acquisition of which more captivating, will inevitably follow? Will not, when the spell of our traditional policy is once broken, the floodgates be open and a rush of further indiscriminate aggrandizement set in? Is it not true, therefore, that we have now to deal not only with a single territorial acquisition, but with the broad and portentous question whether it is wise to throw down all the barriers against the infusion into our body politic of multitudinous populations which we can never hope to assimilate, and which will bring with them elements of corruption far beyond our past experience, and race problems impossible of satisfactory solution; and whether the American people should exchange their proud and inestimable privilege of not needing large armies and navies for the illusory advantage of possessing far-away outposts, burdening the American people with incalculably costly armaments similar to those under which other nations are painfully groaning? Is not this the real question before us? The advocates of the Hawaii annexation scheme are respectfully asked to answer.

Carl Schurz.

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

ERIE'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature in 1895 passed a law for the purpose of securing a system of free non-sectarian public libraries on a substantial and permanent basis throughout the commonwealth, and empowering boards of school directors or any board having control of the common schools in any school district in the State to establish and maintain free public libraries. The law authorized the levy of a tax not exceeding one mill in one year on the value of property assessed for school purposes in the district, for the purpose of maintaining such library, and permits the setting aside of school property for library uses. Other portions of the act provide for the board of management, agents, and various employees, and place all such libraries under the general supervision of the State Librarian. Provision is also made for the acceptance of all bequests, grants, and endowments.

The city of Erie, one of whose prominent citizens is the author of the law, is the first locality to take advantage of the act to improve her library facilities, and now has under construction the fine building shown in the illustration. It is of granite, marble, Pompeiian brick, and terra-cotta, and is a magnificent specimen of the modified library style of architecture. Its general dimensions are 86 × 144 feet. It fronts on three streets, and faces Central Park, an ideal location for such a structure, and the building is set back far enough to admit of a fine lawn on each street front. In addition to the appropriations made by the school board, private donations were made to a considerable amount. Besides the various library and reading rooms in the building, provision has been made for a large assembly hall, an art-room, a museum, and quarters for the school board and officers of the school district. The rotunda will be an attractive feature of the building. It is to be beautifully decorated.

Erie County already has two free public libraries, which were the outcome of the public spirit of two of its citizens; these are the Weiss Library in Mill Creek township, and the Wilcox Library in Girard, both very creditable structures for the localities.

THE THIRD-RAIL ELECTRIC SYSTEM ON STEAM RAILROADS.

AN important section of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad is now in permanent operation by the third-rail system of electric traction. The instant and complete success of this method of traction cannot but have a powerful effect on other great steam roads, and marks an important epoch in the history of railroading.

The third-rail system is the outgrowth of an attempt at defence against the successful competition of the parallel trolley lines, which have seriously cut into the great local passenger traffic of the consolidated road. The line operated by this system is in two sections—from Hartford to New Britain, and from New Britain to Berlin, a total distance of 12.3 miles.

The run of nine miles from Hartford to New Britain is made in twenty minutes, with a schedule of 35 trains each way daily in place of the eight trains formerly run by steam. The trains consist of two cars—a motor car and a trailer. The cars are 51 feet long, with 16 seats, making the capacity of a train 192 passengers. The quick time, the smoothness of acceleration, the absence of smoke and cinders, and the open cars now in use make the line very popular, and upwards of ten thousand passengers have been carried in a single day.

The third rail, from which the current is taken, is laid midway between the main rails. It is of the shape of a flattened A, and is laid on blocks of wood saturated with insulating material. It is somewhat heavier per yard than the main rails, and stands slightly higher. The sections of the rail are bonded together by sheet-copper plates of an electrical capacity greater than the rail itself.

There are 22 grade crossings on the line, and at each of these the rail is broken, and the current carried by underground cables laid in creosoted wooden conduits. The cars take the current from the rail by means of a cast-iron sliding contact-shoe, hung beneath the car by flexible cables, and which bears on the rail by its own weight. In order to bridge the gaps at crossings the trail car has a shoe at its rear end, so that the shoe of the motor car renews contact with the rail before the rear car enters the gap.

On account of the high speed and frequent stops, the subject of braking is of momentous importance. In addition to the wheel hand-brakes, the cars are equipped with an elaborate electric air-brake, with a capacity of 53 cubic feet of air per minute under a pressure of 90 pounds per square inch. The motor cars are similar to the trailers, except for the motors mounted on the trucks and the appliances on the front platform, where, within reach of the motorman, are the air-brake compressor, hand-brake wheel, the pressure gauge, the engineer's air-valve, and the controller; while overhead are the current-breaker, the main switch, the lever of the air-chime whistle, and the conductor's signal-whistle.

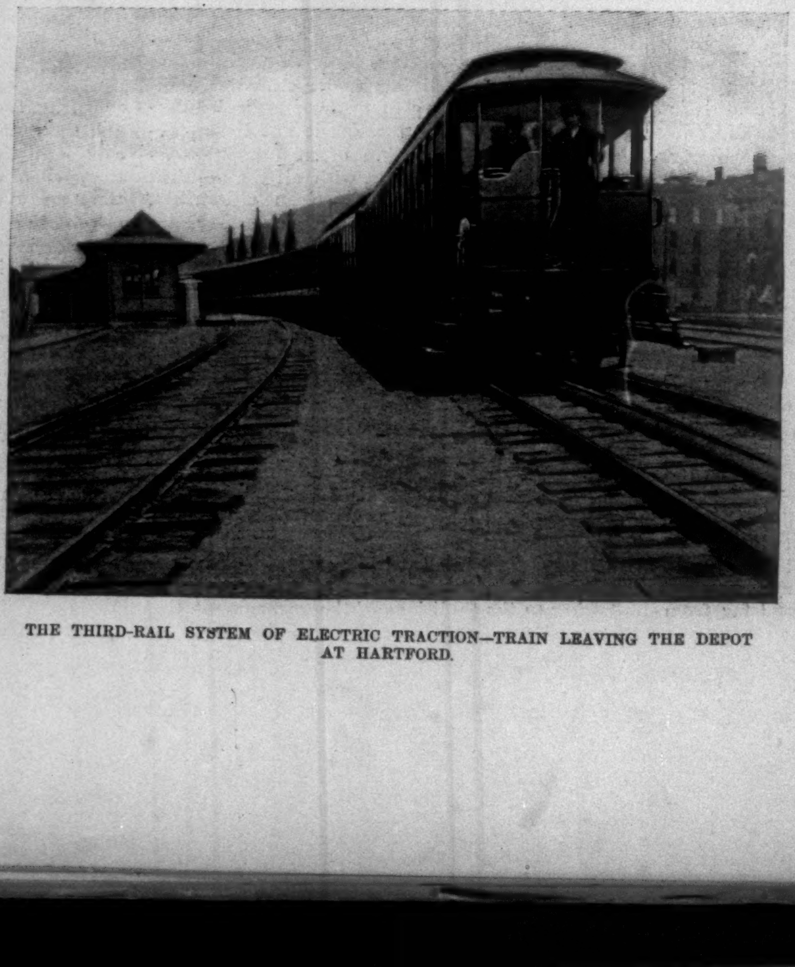
The power-house is located at Berlin, on the main line, and is built for three engines, when the line shall be extended, as it probably soon will be, to New Haven, if not to New York.

One 1200 horse-power engine is now in use, connected direct with a General Electric Company's 10-pole, 850 kilowatt generator, furnishing a current at 650 volts.

Although it would doubtless be unsafe to step on the third rail, the danger to the travelling public is slight. The train stops only at the stations at which the steam trains stopped, and at each station the track is fenced in; moreover, when trains stand in the stations the current is cut out. The leakage of electricity is very slight, and the line has been operated with the tracks under water.

The successful demonstration that for the overhead trolley wire there may be safely and economically substituted a third rail, and that it is commercially practical to supply power from a central station for the rapid and regular operation of heavy trains, under any climatic conditions, has removed the chief obstacle to the adoption of electricity on trunk lines.

H. A. GIDDINGS.



THE THIRD-RAIL SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC TRACTION—TRAIN LEAVING THE DEPOT AT HARTFORD.

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

THE men who are to represent the class of '97 on the Commencement programme at Harvard this year may be taken as typical of the serious side of university life. The titles of their speeches would indicate this. Besides the Latin salutatory, there are four speeches on the following topics: "A Plea for Narrative History," "The Need of Imagination in the Drama of To-day," "Kipling's Religion," "The Future of Harvard College."

All the speakers will receive, on graduation, degrees with distinction, yet they cannot be regarded as representing merely the student element of college life. Mr. J. H. Choate, Jr., who will speak on "Narrative History," is a man of wide interests. He is fond of golf and music as well as of literature, and is a member of many college societies—of the Hasty-Pudding, D.K.E., and Delta Phi social clubs, and of the O. K. and Signet literary clubs. Mr. Choate is the son of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of New York. He fitted for Harvard at St. Mark's school.

A. A. Bryant, who has the Latin salutatory, is probably the youngest member of the class, and one of the most studious members. He was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, November 10, 1877, entered Worcester Academy at the age of ten, and graduated at fourteen, first of his class, having the class poem and the Latin salutatory.

At Harvard he has pursued a classical course. He took second-year honors in classics two years ago, and is now a candidate for final honors in the same department, in which he plans, after graduation, to do further study.

Mr. P. W. Mackaye, as Mr. Bryant, belongs to none of the college social clubs, yet he is a man of strong social tendencies. He is rather tall, dark, and slender, and is said to have some of the qualities of his father, Steele Mackaye, the celebrated dramatist, and builder of the Lyceum and Madison Square theatres in New York. The trend of his interests is indicated by the title of his speech—"The Need of Imagination in the Drama of To-day." During his college course he has studied English and modern languages with a view chiefly to the drama and to poetry; he has contributed some very creditable verse to the *Advocate* and the *Monthly*, and he intends to follow his father's profession of dramatist.

The two remaining speakers, Mr. R. E. Olds and Mr. W. B. Parker, are men of affairs. Mr. Parker is to speak on "Kipling's Religion," a subject which tends to unite the interests which he has pursued at college—philosophy and English. Mr. Parker's home is in Norfolk, Nebraska, but he came to Harvard from Phillips Academy, Andover, where he graduated with honors in English, having earned his way, as he has since done at Harvard.

While at Andover he was one of the editors of the *Philo Mirror*, a member of the Contributing Board of the *Lit*, and business manager of the *Phillipian*. In his Middle year he founded the Forum Debating Society, and in his Senior year he won the first Harvard English prize. At graduation he was class poet, and had a Commencement oration. At Harvard Mr. Parker has taken all the courses offered in writing and speaking English. He is a member of the Harvard chapter of Delta Upsilon fraternity, and a member of the Harvard Union Debating Society; he has taught a class in debating at the Social Union—Harvard's University extension—and was last year one of the three debaters against Yale. He will graduate *magna cum laude*, and expects to go into business.

Mr. Olds not only has an oration at Commencement, but is also class orator. He fitted for Harvard at St. Paul, Minnesota, where he graduated, as he is now doing at Harvard, first in his class.

Mr. Olds's interests in study have been chiefly History and English, to which he devoted himself closely during his first two years, and established himself as the first scholar of his class. In his Junior year he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and made undergraduate orator. He has had considerable experience in speaking. Before he came to college he was president of the debating society at his school; he has taken courses in debating at Harvard, is a member of the Union Debating Society, and was chosen by the college authorities to represent Harvard at the Union League Club's celebration on Washington's birthday at Chicago.

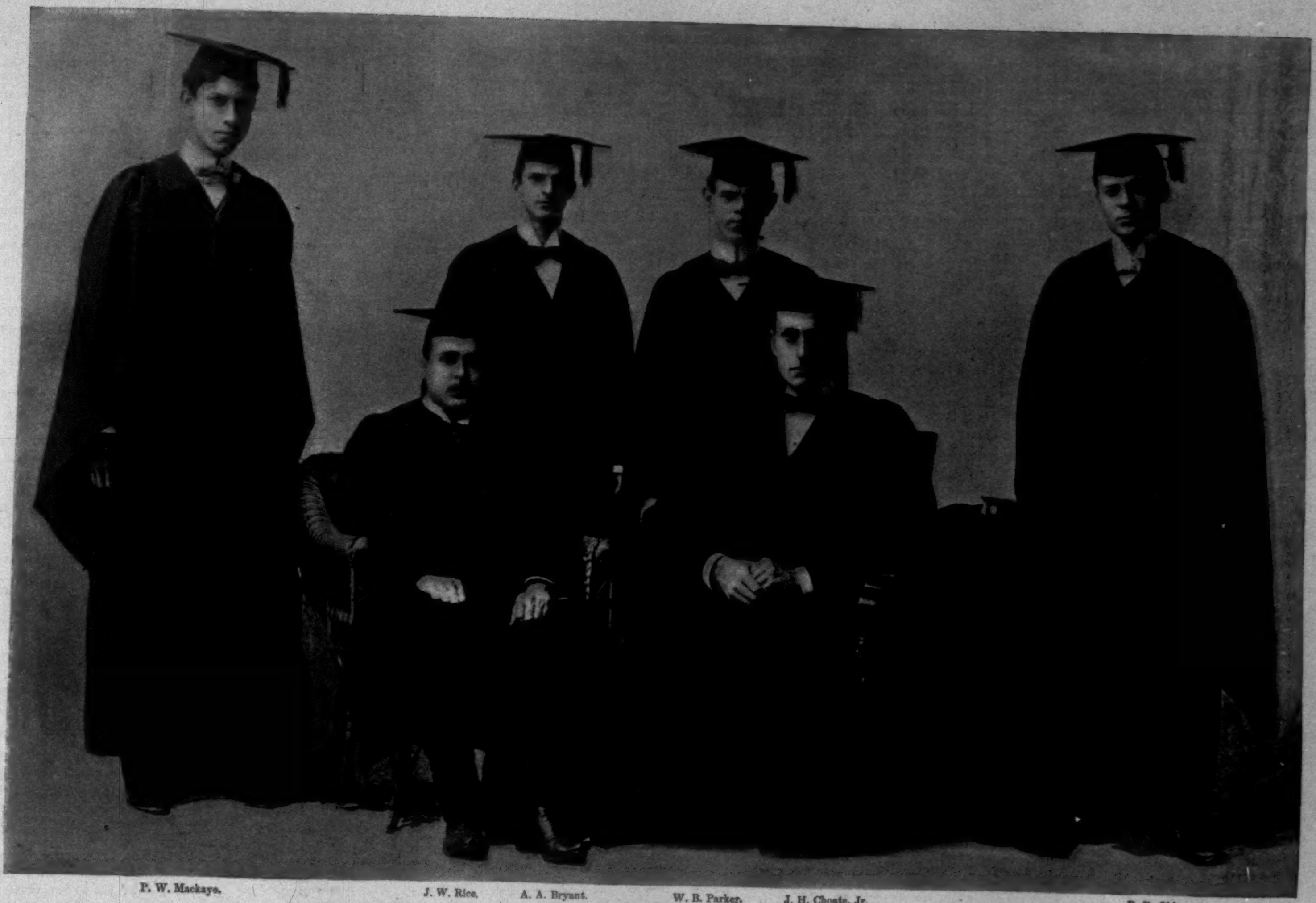
Mr. Olds is a member of the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon fraternity, and of O. K. He has been elected secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa, and will graduate *summa cum laude*. The subject of his Commencement oration is "The Future of Harvard College." Mr. Olds intends to enter the Harvard Law School next fall.

In addition to the speakers from the graduating class of the college, there have usually been speakers representing other departments of the university. This year there is but one such speaker. This is Mr. J. W. Rice, of the graduating class of the Divinity School. Mr. Rice was born June 21, 1868, at his present home, Rockland, Massachusetts. He graduated at Boston Latin School in '87, at Harvard in '91, at Yale Divinity School in '95, and took his A.M. at Harvard in '96. He plans to return to Harvard next year to study for the degree of Ph.D.

The title of his paper, "The Bible at Harvard," indicates his chief interest in study. He plans to teach Biblical literature.

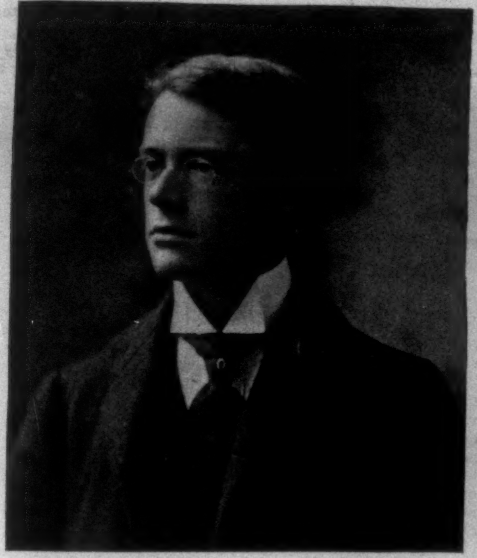
YALE HONOR MEN, CLASS OF '97.

THE custom of having a valedictory and salutatory address was abandoned at Yale with the inauguration of the new Commencement exercises, which were followed for the third time this year. The record of stand is, however, maintained, and at the close of the year the order of precedence of the few men who lead the class is announced. The old terms of valedictorian and salutatorian are still retained in common speech, but mean now

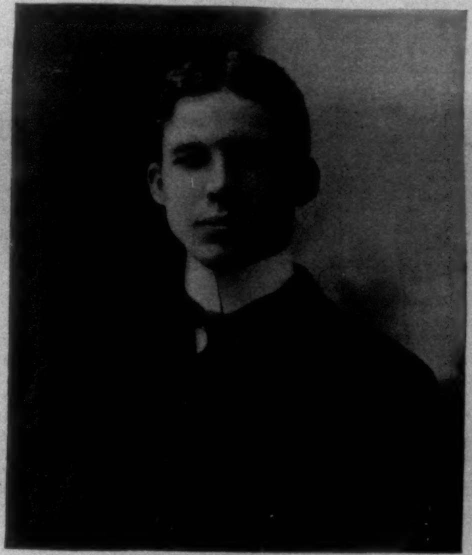


P. W. Mackaye. J. W. Rice. A. A. Bryant. W. B. Parker. J. H. Choate, Jr. R. E. Olds.

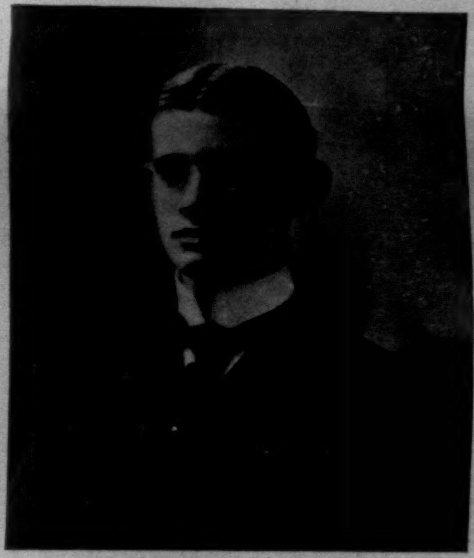
COMMENCEMENT-DAY ORATORS OF HARVARD'S GRADUATING CLASS OF '97.



CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

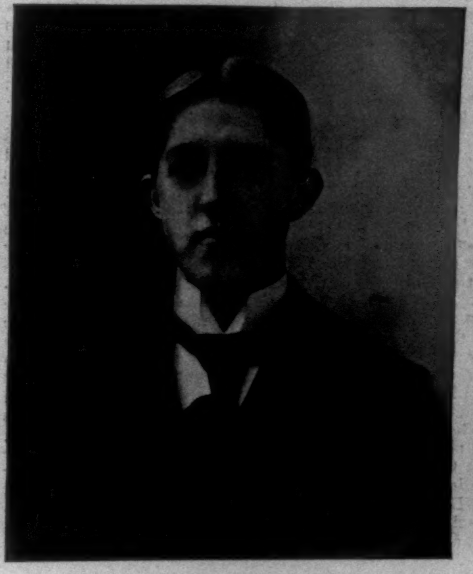


NATHAN A. SMYTH.

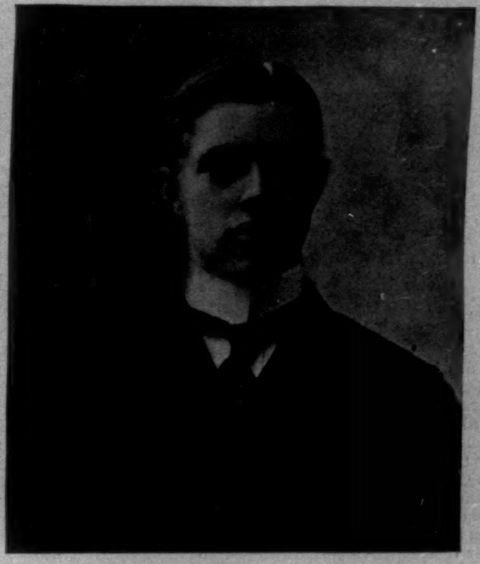


ALEXANDER WHEELER.

EDWARD H. HUME.



WILLIAM DE VERNE BEACH.



ARTHUR W. EWELL.

THE FIRST SIX SCHOLARS OF YALE'S GRADUATING CLASS OF '97.

HONOR MEN OF HARVARD AND YALE UNIVERSITIES, CLASSES OF '97.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 704.]

merely the men holding the first and second positions in their class respectively.

Mr. Charles Upson Clark, of Brooklyn, New York, has the highest rank in scholarship of any member of the class of '97 of Yale University. It is not at all a surprise to those who know Mr. Clark that he should have led the scholars of his class, for he has shown his intellectual ability in everything to which he has applied himself. He is by no means the conventional "dig," and besides maintaining his high record in his class, has proved his genuine intellectual strength by a very fine record in debating. In the Princeton debate of last year he was adjudged the best undergraduate speaker, and awarded the Thatcher prize of $75. During his Senior year he held the office of President of the Yale Union. On the 26th of March of this year he went to Cambridge as a member of the Yale debating team, and won the first Yale debating victory on the Harvard platform. In the debate he displayed unusual ability. Mr. Clark prepared for college at the Brooklyn Polytechnic. Mr. Clark will take a post-graduate course at Yale, and then expects to teach. He is a member of Alpha Delta Phi. He and the other honor men are of course members of the high-stand society of Phi Beta Kappa.

Following the other descriptive term, Mr. Nathan Ayer Smyth, of New Haven, son of Dr. Newman Smyth, pastor of the Center Church, would be called the salutatorian of '97, holding the second highest rank in scholarship in his class. Mr. Smyth is another man whom the term "dig" does not at all fit. He is, of course, a hard worker, but is active in several departments of college life outside of the curriculum, being a member of both Junior and Senior societies. He also has been much interested in debating, and was one of the speakers to represent the Academic Department in the final trials for the Princeton debate this year. He was an editor of the Yale *Literary Magazine*, and the Ten Eyck speaker of his class. This literary and oratorical honor is second in the college only to the De Forest prize for the Senior year, for which he also competed. Smyth won a prize for English composition early in his course, and is a member of Chi Delta Theta. He prepared at Phillips Academy, Andover. Mr. Smyth will study for the ministry.

The third man in his class also combines a literary and oratorical ability with intellectual strength. He is Alexander Wheeler, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, the Townsend speaker who won the De Forest medal last week. His essay was on "The Prometheus of Æschylus and Shelley." Before this Mr. Wheeler had won the high honor of the "Lit." medal, the prize given by the Yale *Literary Magazine* for the best essay on a given subject. Mr. Wheeler prepared at the Bridgeport High-School.

The fourth man in his class comes from Bombay, India. He is Edward Hicks Hume. Like Mr. Clark and Mr. Smyth, he has taken a very active part in debate, and was one of the speakers on the university team. Mr. Hume prepared for college at the Newton, Massachusetts, High-School. Before being a member of the university team he was in the Princeton and Harvard debates of the year before, and the Harvard debates of this year. Mr. Hume will study medicine at Johns Hopkins next year.

Messrs. A. W. Ewell and W. D. Beach are tied for fifth place. Arthur Woolsey Ewell, of Washington, D. C., prepared for college at Worcester Academy, Worcester. During his college course he has taken several prizes in mathematics. In Freshman year he won the first De Forest mathematical prize; in Sophomore year he received the second De Forest mathematical prize; in Junior year he again took the first De Forest prize. It was announced at the Commencement exercises on Wednesday that he had been awarded the Sloane Fellowship for next year. Mr. Ewell was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in Junior year. Mr. Ewell will teach after post-graduate study at Yale.

William De Verne Beach, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was prepared for Yale at the Bridgeport High-School. In his Junior year he was awarded the Scott prize in German, and in the same year was elected to Phi Beta Kappa on a philosophical oration stand.

THE NEW RECREATION PIER AT THE FOOT OF THIRD STREET, EAST RIVER.

THERE are no people who are more willing to be happy than the East-Siders. One cent's worth of ice-cream delivered on a scrap of newspaper will suffice to make two East-Side children think life a joy, and an open fire-plug is a fountain of delight.

There is no doubt but that the hot days of summer are days of suffering in the overcrowded tenements, but let a puff of air from the East River strike Delancey Street, or Houston, or Norfolk, and the languid babies begin to sit up in their perambulators, the tired mothers cheerfully take up their gossip, and the youngsters their games.

A great deal of intelligent work is being done for the East Side. New parks have been opened; societies whose object is to teach a better mode of living have been organized; play-grounds are soon to be opened; and now, after a good deal of time spent in preparation, one of the several recreation piers planned has been erected and thrown open to the public.

To one used to seeing the tremendous jams of heavy trucks in front of the docks on West Street it is an odd sight to see the entrance to a New York pier almost blockaded by empty baby-carriages.

There is no room for perambulators on the new recreation pier, and the mothers who bring them leave them at the entrance.

The new pier is a substantially built, two-story, fire-proof structure. Iron stairways lead from the street to the recreation floor. On a hot afternoon these are crowded; at night they are jammed.

A band plays almost every night and several afternoons during the week. Any air faster than "Old Hundred" sets the youngsters dancing; a very slight provocation starts them all singing; and every boy whistles when the band plays "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

Often the singing, shouting, and whistling are so deafening that one cannot hear the band half the length of the pier, but that does not disturb any one.

There are a couple of stands on the pier where youngsters with strong stomachs and a few pennies may make themselves happy with candy or "open-face" pies. Children with weak stomachs and three pennies may indulge in sterilized milk. Several uniformed employés of the Dock Department and two or three policemen keep order on the floor, and two matrons in black, with starchy white aprons, collars, and cuffs, look after the comfort of the women and babies.

To a sympathetic observer of the great tenement district this recreation pier would seem to be one of the most practical and useful means of relief yet devised for the preservation of infant life and adult hope among the poor.

Let us have as many more of them as possible.

W. A. ROGERS.

THE LIMIT.

WHEN dear Hawaii has at last come in,
Fair Cuba let us up and strive to win.

And after that let's turn our envious eyes
On Canada, a wondrous dowered prize.

Then, with a gladsome rush and roar and rout,
For what is left of England let's reach out.

And when the lordly Briton is bound fast,
For Europe varied let us make a cast,

And keep it up until the glad green earth
For countries to annex provides a dearth.

Then, with our banner floating still on high,
We'll pay attention to the broad blue sky.

Annex the sun and moon and twinkling stars,
The Milky Way, the Dipper, Venus, Mars,

Until in one great glorious union blent
We hold the earth and all the firmament.

Then may we stop at last. The Jingo set,
We note it with a very deep regret,

Won't strive for Heaven, and, alas! 'tis known
The other place is even now their own!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

LIFE AND LETTERS

LOOKING through Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey's charming book on the Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp, the other day, I was very forcibly reminded of the number of these pretty wilding growths which I had been finding all the season long among the streets of asphalt and the sidewalks of artificial stone in this city; and I am quite sure that any one who has been kept in New York, as I have been this year, beyond the natural time of going into the country, can have as real a pleasure in this sylvan invasion as mine, if he will but give himself up to a sense of it.

I.

Of course it is altogether too late, now, to look for any of the early spring flowers, but I can recall the exquisite effect of the tender blue hepatica fringing the centre rail of the grip-cars, all up and down Broadway, and apparently springing from the hollow beneath, where the cable runs with such a brooklike gurgle that any damp-living plant must find itself at home, there. The water-pimpernel may now be seen, by any sympathetic eye, blowing delicately along the track, in the breeze of the passing cabs, and elastically lifting itself from the rush of the cars. The reader can easily verify it by the picture in Mrs. Creevey's book, if he knows it by its other name of brookweed; and he will have my delight, I know, in the cardinal-flower which will be with us in August. It is a shy flower, loving the more sequestered nooks; and may be sought along the shady stretches of Third Avenue, where the Elevated Road overhead forms a shelter as of interlacing boughs. The arrow-head likes such swampy expanses as the converging cables form at Dead Man's Curve, and the corners of Twenty-third Street. This is in flower now, and will be till September; and St.-John's-wort, which some call the false golden-rod, is already here. You may find it in any moist low ground, but the gutters of Wall Street, or even the banks of the Stock Exchange, are not too dry for it. The real golden-rod is not much in evidence with us, for it comes only when summer is on the wane. The other night, however, on the promenade of the Madison Square Roof Garden, I was delighted to see it growing all over the oblong dome of the auditorium, in response to the cry of a homesick cricket which found itself in exile there at the base of a potted evergreen. This lonely insect had no sooner sounded its winter-boding note than the fond flower began sympathetically to wave and droop along those tarry slopes, as I have seen it on how many hill-side pastures! But this may have been only a transitory response to the cricket, and I cannot promise the visitor to the Roof Garden that he will find golden-rod there every night. I believe there is always Golden Seal, but it is the kind that comes in bottles, and not in the gloom of "deep, cool, moist woods," where Mrs. Creevey describes it as growing, along with other wildings of such sweet names or quaint as Celandine, and Dwarf Larkspur, and Squirrel-corn, and Dutchman's-breeches, and Pearlwort, and Wood-sorrel, and Bishop's-cap, and Wintergreen, and Indian-pipe, and Snowberry, and Adder's-tongue, and Wakerobin, and Dragon-root, and Adam-and-Eve, and twenty more, which must have got their names from some fairy of genius. I should say it was a female fairy of genius who called them so, and that she had her own sex among mortals in mind, when she invented their nomenclature, and was thinking of little girls, and slim, pretty maids, and happy young wives. The author tells how they all look, with a fine sense of their charm in her words, but one would know how they looked from their names; and when you call them over they at once transplant themselves to the depths of the dells between our sky-scrapers, and find a brief sojourn in the cavernous excavations whence other sky-scrapers are to rise.

II.

That night on the Roof Garden when the cricket's cry flowered the dome with golden-rod, the tall stems of rye growing among the orchestra sloped all one way at times, just like the bows of violins, in the half-dollar gale that always blows over the city at that height. But as one turns the leaves of Mrs. Creevey's magic book—perhaps one ought to say turns its petals—the forests and the fields come and make themselves at home in the city everywhere. By virtue of it I have been more in the country in a half-hour than if I had lived all June there. When I lift my eyes from its pictures or its letter-press my vision prints the eidolons of wild flowers everywhere, as it prints the image of the sun against the air after dwelling on his brightness. The rose-mallow flaunts along Fifth Avenue and the golden threads of the dodder embroider the house fronts on the principal cross-streets; and I might think at times that it was all mere fancy, it has so much the quality of a pleasing illusion.

Yet Mrs. Creevey's book is not one to lend itself to such a deceit by any of the ordinary arts. It is rather matter of fact in form and manner, and largely owes what magic it has to the inherent charm of its subject. One feels this in merely glancing at the index, and reading such titles of chapters as Wet Meadows and Low Grounds; Dry Fields—Waste Places—Way-sides; Hills and Rocky Woods, Open Woods; and Deep, Cool, Moist Woods; each a poem in itself, lyric or pastoral, and of a surpassing opulence of suggestion. The spring and summer months pass in stately processional through the book, each with her fillet inscribed with the names of her characteristic flowers or blossoms, and brightened with the blooms themselves.

They are plucked from where nature bade them grow in the wild places, or their own wayward wills led them astray. A singularly fascinating chapter is that called Escaped from Gardens, in which some of these pretty runagates are catalogued. I supposed in my liberal ignorance that the Bouncing Bet was the only one of these, but I have learned that the Pansy and the Sweet Violet love to gad, and that the Caraway, the Snapdragon, the Prince's Feather, the Summer Savory, the Star of Bethlehem, the Day-Lily, and the Tiger-Lily, and even the sluggish Stone Crop are of the vagrant, fragrant company. One is not surprised to meet the Tiger-Lily in it; that must always have had the jungle at its heart; but that the Baby's Breath should be found wandering by the road-sides from Massachusetts and Virginia to Ohio, gives one a tender pang as for a lost child. Perhaps the poor human tramps, who sleep in barns and feed at back doors along those dusty ways, are mindful of the Baby's Breath, and keep a kindly eye out for the little truant.

III.

As I was writing those homely names I felt again how fit and lovely they were, how much more fit and lovely than the scientific names of the flowers. Mrs. Creevey will make a botanist of you if you will let her, and I fancy a very good botanist, though I cannot speak from experience, but she will make a poet of you in spite of yourself, as I very well know; and she will do this simply by giving you first the familiar name of the flowers she loves to write of. I am not saying that the Day-Lily would not smell as sweet by her title of Hemerocallis Fulva, or that the homely, hearty Bouncing Bet would not kiss as deliciously in her scholar's cap and gown of Saponaria Officinalis; but merely that their college degrees do not lend themselves so willingly to verse, or even melodious prose, which is what the poet is often after nowadays. So I like best to hail the flowers by the names that the fairies gave them, and the children know them by, especially when my longing for them makes them grow here in the city streets. I have a fancy that they would all vanish away if I saluted them in botanical terms. As long as I talk of cat-tail rushes, the homeless grimalkins of the areas and the back fences help me to a vision of the swamps thickly studded with their stiff spears; but if I called them Typha Latifolia, or even Typha Angustifolia, there is not the hardiest and fiercest prowler of the roof and the fire-escape but would fly the sound of my voice and leave me forlorn amidst the withered foliage of my dream. The street sparrows, pestiferous and persistent as they are, would forsake my sylvan pageant if I spoke of the Bird-foot Violet as the Viola Pedata; and the commonest cur would run howling if he heard the gentle Poison Dogwood maligned as the Rhus Venenata. The very milk-cans would turn to their native pumps in disgust from my attempt to invoke our simple American Cowslip as the Dodocatheon Meadia.

III.

Yet I do not deny that this scientific nomenclature has its uses; and I should be far from undervaluing this side of Mrs. Creevey's book. In fact, I secretly respect it the more for its botanical lore, and if ever I get into the woods or fields again I mean to go up to some of the humblest flowers, such as I can feel myself on easy terms with, and tell them what they are in Latin. I think it will surprise them, and I dare say they will some of them like it, and will want their initials inscribed on their leaves, like those signatures which the medicinal plants bear, or are supposed to bear. But as long as I am engaged in their culture amidst this stone and iron and asphalt, I find it best to invite their presence by their familiar names, and I hope they will not think them too familiar. I should like to get them all naturalized here, so that the thousands of poor city children who never saw them growing in their native places, might have some notion of how bountifully the world is equipped with beauty, and how it is governed by many laws which are not enforced by policemen. I think that would interest them very much, and I shall not mind their plucking my Barmecide blossoms, and carrying them home by the armfuls. When good will costs nothing we ought to practise it even with the tramps, and these are very welcome in their wanderings over the city pave to rest their weary limbs in any of my pleached bowers they come to.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

INTEREST at the Commencement at Amherst seems to have been divided between President Gates and the Grosvenor twins. The feeling about Dr. Gates was intense, but very quiet and self-respectful. He appears to be an able man and competent in most particulars, but he seems to have taken hold of things at Amherst by the wrong end, and to have continued so inflexible in his grasp of affairs and in his attitude towards his contemporaries as to have earned for himself the dislike of most of the students, a large part of the faculty, the majority of the towns-people, and the majority of the alumni, especially the younger alumni. There must be something about the art of maintaining profitable and agreeable relations with mankind in general and college men in particular which Dr. Gates is so far from understanding that he cannot suspect its existence. The trustees of Amherst are standing by him and going slow, as they ought, and nothing is expected to happen until fall, and probably nothing then.

Just what is the process of getting rid of a college president who proves unsuited to his charge and is yet unwilling to retire is not generally known, but if it is as difficult to detach a college from its president as it sometimes is to detach a church from its parson, Dr. Gates will probably continue at Amherst until some other opening offers which is more agreeable to him. The present situation is very unfortunate, for it is bad for a college to be at odds with its president, and Dr. Gates really seems too well equipped a man to be wasted in a place to which he is not suited.

The Commencement situation at Amherst would have been more strained than it was if it had not been for the Grosvenor twins, sons of Professor Grosvenor of the Amherst faculty, both of whom were graduated this year and both with distinction. Both of them were included in the eight Seniors who had Commencement parts, and one of them took a prize for the best original oration. At the alumni dinner the graduates had fun with the twins, and did their best to have them put on exhibition. It is a good plan to have as much seemly fun at Commencement as possible, and the tendency which shows itself in most of the American colleges to make the day more festive and less wearisome than of yore is a tendency with sound claims for development. There is somewhat more fellowship among graduates than there used to be, and a good deal less undergraduate oratory, which is a gainful change.

The Boston *Transcript* speaks of Colonel Higginson's new American hymn, first tried on Independence day this year, as "a responsible effort towards furnishing the country with a distinctive national anthem suitable in sentiment and musical dignity." It is hard to write a national anthem that deserves to be adopted, and harder still to bring it into popular favor. So far as the latter necessary goes it is better for the anthem to be lucky than to be conspicuously fit. Dr. Smith's "America" has won on its merits a place from which it is not likely to be dislodged. So has the "Star-spangled Banner," which was an accident and the sudden product of an occasion, but stepped off into immediate popularity more proper to its spirit than to its value as a lyric. "Yankee Doodle" is likely to stand by us too, though it is more of a tune than a song, has no words worth mentioning, and though often played by brass bands is rarely sung. It is pure Jingo, and if we ever hear it again in its articulate form it will be on occasions when for some reason the Jingo spirit of "win or bust" has come to the top. When Colonel Higginson invites us to

> be a noble nation born
> To dare, to shelter, to endure,

he sounds a high note that deserves to find a popular echo.

Mr. Charles A. Dana has been such an incorrigible worker for so many years, and, except when he has been on his travels, has so rarely failed to spend the working hours of his day at his desk in the *Sun* office, that the recent newspaper paragraphs which have told that he has been ill enough to stay at home in the country have been more disquieting to his friends than similar news about a man less addicted to steady work. So far as any one knows (except perhaps himself), Mr. Dana has never been ill before, but while most other men have had to lay off against their will to recuperate, he has seemed always able to go on until he has got good and ready to stop and play. He has played a good deal, especially of late years, and from time to time has printed some record of his travels and enjoyments. Here's hoping that his present illness may prove merely a new experience, valuable perhaps to him for its novelty, yet not so attractive as to tempt him to repeat it.

This is the week in which the preliminary plans for New York's new library on the reservoir site are to be handed in. Director Billings received two hundred applications for copies of the specifications, and expected, last week, to have about one hundred plans from which to make a choice. It will be remembered that six plans are to be selected from those handed in on July 15, which are to be further elaborated and worked out, and the final choice will be made from them after October 15. When the library once gets started its progress will be very interesting to the people of the city. No doubt it will be set so far back from the street that its construction may go on without prejudice to the free use of Fifth Avenue.

A circular has been widely circulated which sets forth the need of an international language especially adapted for use in the publication of works of scientific value or of especial interest to scholars. It is thought, reasonably enough, that if an agreement could be reached as to what language, whether one now in use or a new one, is fittest to serve as a means of communication between the nations, it would save an immense deal of time and trouble and be a universal convenience. As a congress of all persons interested in such an agreement is impracticable, it is proposed to discuss the subject by letter, and every person who has views about it—whether he prefers adopting an existing language for international use or inventing a new one—is requested to write them out and send them to Mr. L. Samenhof, Grodno, Russia. The plan is to print all the essays received in a book, a copy of which is to be sent to each contributor, who shall then vote, also by letter, for the plan he prefers. The scheme is not necessarily impossible of execution provided that due funds can be procured to carry it out, but only exceptionally hopeful persons will expect important results from it.

A report of remarks said to have been made by Bishop Potter at the American Fourth-of-July dinner in London has reached these shores, which attributes to the bishop an outburst of "ringing words." It quotes him as referring to the glories of the British Empire which it has taken a thousand years to amass, and as saying, "Give us half that time and we will show colonies equal to these." It also represents him as speaking bluntly about Cuba, and exclaiming, "Let us illustrate the wisdom of the Israelites and 'occupy the land.'"

If the bishop feels confidence enough in the destiny of his country to urge upon his countrymen a policy of colonization, it must be that his vacation has had very invigorating effects. The chances are, however, judging from past experiences, that he will read some of the cabled despatches about his speech with more surprise than gratification. It is very hard to find out what any speaker really said on an occasion in New York; much more so in London. Let us not annex Cuba on the strength of Bishop Potter's recommendation until he gives it to us in writing over his name.

A contributor to the *Evening Post*, who writes with a practised hand on various social topics, finds himself able, in reviewing the manners of contemporary American men, to aver that the rising generation of boys is a great deal better bred than the lot that preceded them. For purposes of comparison he classifies the Americans whose behavior has come under his personal observation into gentlemen of the old school, surviving examples of which were still extant in his youth, gentlemen of a school which began about 1875, and the youths of the present period. He relates a number of afflicting characteristics of the school of 1875, and praises its latter-day successors as being more civil, more deferential to their elders, and better balanced, as shown in their being much less apt to fall over one another in offering attentions to casual and unidentified Englishmen who may have straggled over to this country. In this new school of better Americans this observer sees "the influence of their mothers—those women we knew as girls, and who were so far ahead of their brothers and husbands in refinement and culture." To have seen these girls marry and bring up their sons so well has been, he says, a satisfaction and a compensation for many delusions.

It may be that his hopeful view applies chiefly to New York lads, but inasmuch as his praises are not explicitly limited to the representatives of any one locality there is no need for us to put narrow bounds to their application. A hopeful view from an expert of the manners of the rising generation is too welcome for us not to make it cover the most ground possible.

It is worth while to keep track of the summer explorers who have started out to see strange sights or do difficult things. Allusion has already been made in the WEEKLY to the preliminary Peary expedition and to the various parties which hope to climb Mount St. Elias. Brief reference has also been made to Professor Libby's Princeton expedition to New Mexico, which deserves further attention. In the plains of Acoma, about 75 miles southwest of Albuquerque, is a rectangular rock some 700 feet high and about 40 acres in area on its upper surface. The story about it is that 300 years ago a community of Indians lived on it, cultivated corn-lands at its base, and ascended to their homes at night by stone steps. But it is related that one day an earthquake shook down part of the rock, including the stairs, and left the table-land above inaccessible. The villagers who were at work in the valley were cut off from those on the rock. The latter presently starved to death, and what was left of the former went two miles away and founded, on another table-rock, a new village, which still flourishes. It is believed that no one has been able to get to the top of the old rock since disaster overtook it centuries ago. Professor Libby's plan is to throw a line over it by means of tandem kites, and so get up. If he succeeds, and his plan is thought to be feasible enough, he may find very interesting antiquities. At any rate he will be likely to find out whether the story the Indians tell about the abandoned village is true. The quest excites the imagination, and if it succeeds it ought to make some fascinating reading for the newspapers.

Another novel expedition which we may get a thrill or two out of is that of Professor S. A. Andrée, the Swedish aeronaut whose purpose it is to sail across the north pole in a balloon. The latest news at this writing from the professor comes by way of Stockholm, and tells that his balloon was filled on Danes Island, at the northwest point of Spitzbergen, on June 28, and that he was ready to start on July 1. His start will doubtless depend somewhat on the direction of the wind. Indeed, his whole expedition seems to depend on forces beyond his control, and not to be estimated beforehand. He may get a big story in a short time and without much trouble; he may take immense trouble and get only a little story; and he may have a valuable and astonishing experience and not succeed in getting home to share it with mankind. However, all the news from Professor Andrée we shall be glad to read, be it much or little. It may be remembered that the attempt similar to the present one which he made a year ago failed because of unfavorable winds and defects in his air-ship. This year he is better equipped and knows more than he did. His present balloon carries a sail and steering apparatus. The Swedish Academy of Sciences has helped him in his preparations, and other organized scientific societies are interested in his attempt.

The death of Henri Meilhac, dramatist and librettist, leaves a vacant place in the French Academy, and puts an end to the labors of one of the most successful modern playwrights. In partnership with M. Ludovic Halévy he wrote the librettos to Bizet's *Carmen*, and to most of Offenbach's operas—*La Grande Duchesse*, *Barbe Bleue*, and others—works of very much more literary merit than English readers, who know them only in translation, would imagine. *Frou-Frou*, which he wrote also in collaboration with M. Halévy, was his best-known play, though there is a considerable list of others, some written in collaboration, others not, which succeeded, several of them, as his *Décoré* in 1888, brilliantly. His *Margot* was produced at the Comédie Française in 1890, and his *Grosse Fortune* last year.

M. Meilhac was born in Paris in 1832, produced his first successful play in 1860, was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1869, promoted to be an officer in 1884, and elected to the Academy to succeed Labiche in 1888.

The important thing about a playwright, even more than about other workers, is that he should succeed. An author may write a good book, and posterity, and even the competent critics of his day, will give him credit for it, even though it has no popular vogue; a poet may write poetry which is over the head of most readers, and yet rank high as a poet. But with a dramatist it is popular success or nothing. If he cannot write plays that suit the public, he might as well hang up his fiddle. If a play is successful, it seems unnecessary that it should have any other merit; and if it is not successful, no amount of moral or literary virtue in it can make its author famous as a playwright.

A gentleman who describes himself as a Yale graduate writes from a Pennsylvania town, enclosing a list of the offices of the late graduating class at Harvard, and pointing out that a large majority of the more ornamental offices went to men from Boston and its vicinity, while of the officers not from Boston or its neighborhood "every one is in a position requiring some special ability." It appears from the list enclosed that Boston and its suburbs supplied the Harvard class of '97 with its president, secretary, three marshals, three class committee men, three class-day committee men, and three photograph committee men (eleven offices), while the orator, Mr. Olds, came from St. Paul, the poet, J. H. Choate, Jr., from New York, the odist, Mr. Gregg, from Colorado, the ivy orator, Mr. Schurz, from New York, and the chorister, Mr. Carpenter, from Chicago (five officers). Our correspondent thinks that the tendency of the Boston men to gobble up the honorary class offices is a source of weakness to Harvard, and being a magnanimous foe and hostile to anything that enfeebles Yale's favorite antagonist, he makes complaint against the system.

His protest is hereby commended to the attention of the Harvard class of '98. It seem doubtful, however, whether he appreciates how very much stronger the Boston element is at Harvard, both in number and in quality, than any local element is at Yale. Considerably more than half of the Harvard undergraduates live so near Cambridge that they can spend their Sundays at home. Not only are the purely social distinctions—as the marshalships—rather more highly valued by Massachusetts men than by the others, but there is a superior convenience in choosing men who live near by for such of the class offices as are permanent.

It is probable that there will not seem to the average observer any very objectionable discrimination in a distribution like that of this year, which gives the intellectual jobs to New York and the West, and the ornamental and executive jobs to New England. If the Boston men don't mind that kind of an allotment it seems as if the Uitlanders might stand it. To be sure, when it happens so, it gives some support to the theory that the intellectual centre of the country has crossed the Connecticut River—but that's no matter. No other city stands in so intimate a relation to a university as Boston does to Harvard. If she gets much out of Harvard, it is, after all, no more than a fair return for what she has put in, and keeps putting in, year after year, with tireless devotion. If New York had had an equally strong sentiment about Columbia—but that is inconceivable! New York is too big and too restless and too cosmopolitan ever to have quite so strong a sentiment about anything as Boston has about several things.

The familiar associates of the WEEKLY's friend Mr. William Dean Howells report him to be swelled with paternal pride over the crop of distinctions that begins to be gathered by his son John. Mr. John Howells, who has just received his diploma in architecture from the Beaux-Arts, has lately been asked to join the Société des Architectes Diplômés par le Gouvernement. He is the fifth American *diplômé*, and has got his diploma in five years, the usual term being seven years. To see to it that an American architect is trained up in the way he should go is a good and patriotic work, especially when the student takes as kindly as Mr. John Howells does to his training.

On July 6 Justice Pryor of New York granted a motion to confirm the report of the referee appointed to pass upon the accounts of the Fayerweather executors, and signed a decree directing the executors to distribute within ten days the residuary estate of about $3,000,000 among the twenty colleges included in Mr. Fayerweather's original testamentary plan. This makes it begin to look as if the colleges might get the rest of their money, but it has looked so so often before that cautious people will wait, as a matter of course, for further delays.

New York is entitled to whatever credit belongs to having provided the country with a highly interesting murder mystery, the elucidation of which has been followed with lively interest by millions of newspaper readers. The interest in ordinary merely brutal murders is somewhat perverse, but when an unknown man's disjointed members are found here and there in the waters that wash a metropolis, and are assembled, and being identified without the recovery of the head, lead to the detection and arrest of the apparent murderers, the interest which attaches to such a sequence of developments and the progressive deduction of theories is intellectual, and no intelligent reader of newspapers or student of life need be ashamed of it.

E. S. MARTIN.

VIEW ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VAEA.

THE TOMB OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON ON MOUNT VAEA.

THE tomb on the summit of Mount Vaea marking the resting-place of Robert Louis Stevenson is built after the Samoan fashion. His friends in Apia, the captains of the various mail-packets running to Samoa, and others advised a white marble or granite shaft that could be seen from the sea by approaching ships. But in a country of so few facilities as Samoa, where the seaport has no wharf and the road to Vailima (after leaving the township) is a series of bowlders, where there are no means whatever of lifting or carrying except by hand, such an idea was impossible.

A Samoan chief's burial-place was described to Mr. Gelett Burgess, of San Francisco, who drew a design on its lines for Mr. Stevenson's tomb, with the addition of two bronze plates, one containing the poem "Under the wide and starry Sky," and the other a selection from the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the first chapter of Ruth in the Samoan language. A very happy idea of the good taste of the natives may be gathered from the fact that the proportions of Mr. Burgess's design, drawn with the perfect taste of an experienced artist, are found to be exactly the same as those of the ancient Samoan tombs.

A cement platform was laid, nine feet six inches by fifteen feet, and one foot six inches high, and upon this a sarcophagus built, nine feet by three feet and six inches, and two feet nine inches high (sides two feet high), the bronze plates, each weighing over a hundred pounds, let in on either side. All this upon the summit of a precipitous mountain, 500 feet above Vailima and 1100 feet above the sea. All the materials — sand from the beach at Apia, iron roofing and boards for a temporary shelter, a large iron tank for catching rain-water, and more than twenty barrels of cement—were carried by hand up an incredibly steep and slippery path, tangled across with lianas. It was a very difficult undertaking; only the hardy island men who were used to the climate, who put their hearts as well as their hands to the work, could have accomplished it.

It is hot and breathless and damp under the heavy forest trees that cover the sides of Vaea; frequent tropical rains make the path slippery; indeed, it is never quite dry in the dense shadow where the sunlight rarely penetrates; the loose stones, held insecurely by the black loam of rotting leaves, slip under the feet, creepers throw out loops, and lianas hang to catch the unwary, making the climb a most difficult one.

It is very beautiful. Delicate ferns and mosses cover the stones and tree trunks; *ti* leaves, dark red and vivid green, branch out like made bouquets; bright red berries hang in clusters from the wild palms; all shapes and shades of green leaves strive in the jungle for light and air—the broad glossy bread-fruit, the pointed swordlike pandanus, the *tamu* leaves four feet long that the natives use as parasols against the fierce and burning rays of the sun; lime, citron, and nutmeg mingle with the ferns and creepers.

In all this beautiful vegetation there is no snake or venomous insect—nothing more harmful than the innocent lizard—and everywhere the birds, which flock in numbers to this peaceful mountain, where they are safe from hunter and trap. Pretty blue kingfishers chirp their lively note, doves coo in the branches, paroquets twitter, and above the trees the white frigate-birds sail in majestically from the sea.

The tomb rises in the middle of a small plateau on the summit of the mountain. A few trees were cut away to let the sunshine filter in; beyond the branches, framed like a picture in festoons of creepers and orchids, lies the district of A'ana on the one hand, Atua on the other, with their rolling green hills and distant mountains touched here and there by the silver gleam of waterfall and river; and further off, and through the trees in front, spreads the Pacific Ocean, the coral reef skirting the shore marked by curling lines of foam. At the foot of the spur of Vaea lies Vailima, with its red roofs, lawns, and hedges of hibiscus flowers—small from that distance, like a toy farm in a child's game.

When the tomb was finished and ready to be used, Panapa, the head workman, a tall, powerful Ellis-Islander, announced his intention of giving a feast — as is the custom on the completion of a piece of work. His men, all but two, are "out-islanders," as they are called, from the Ellises, Tahiti, and Quiros — serious, kindly brown men, whose presence about the house during the weeks they were engaged in working on Vaea grew to be very pleasant. It was cheerful to hear their voices on the mountain-side, hailing one another, laughing, or shouting all together as some heavy object was lifted. They smiled and called out "Talofa" as they passed the veranda; in the cool of the evening they crossed the lawn, fresh from a swim under the waterfall, a picturesque group, garlanded, crowned with wreaths, and draped in the classic folds of the single garment they called a *lava-lava;* and in the evenings, after the work was done, the pleasant sound of their voices singing hymns floated down from their quarters.

Island feasts are much alike; they are served on a table-cloth of fresh-cut banana leaves. Baked pigs are *de rigueur*, supported by fowl, fish, and game, all cooked underground, on red-hot stones, with many delicacies compounded of grated taro, cocoanut milk, ripe bananas, and bread-fruit, and the drink is always the milk of young cocoanuts, served in the shell.

Mrs. Stevenson sat at the head of the table, with Panapa at her right hand. Mr. Osbourne being absent in California, Mr. Gurr (Natives' Advocate, an old friend of Mr. Stevenson's), who had kindly superintended the building of the tomb, took the foot of the table. According to Samoan custom, he acted as orator for Mrs. Stevenson, in the following speech:

"Chiefs,—Hear now the thanks of Tusitala's* family, which they render to you—you who have this day made glad sorrowing hearts. We thank you for this excellent feast you have of your own free will prepared. The name of Tusitala has been honored in many parts of the world. A few months have passed since there was a large gathering of white chiefs in Britain who talked together of making a monument in memory of Tusitala. In San Francisco in America there are workmen now building a beautiful object of stone, from which flows a river of cool fresh water, that the poor may drink, and it is all for the honor of Tusitala; for they wish him to be ever most kindly remembered from one generation to another. But to you people here in his own land (for says he not, 'Thy country shall be my country?') you have had the honor and the glory of building the tomb where Tusitala himself lies — a monument which many people long to see. The love you have this day shown is greater than the praise of many people in other lands.

"Therefore Tamaitai † and Teuila ‡ and the family of Tusitala thank you; and also we thank you for the cheerful manner in which you have labored. Your work has been heavy, the materials you have carried up the steep hills were heavy, yet you worked with a light and cheerful spirit, and your work has been well done. Chiefs! Tamaitai and Teuila and Loia § thank you for this day. Let happiness and prosperity be with you. May you live!"

This was responded to by a Samoan of Panapa's party, who said:

"Your Susugas,‖ Tamaitai, the lady of Tusitala, and Teuila, the lady of Vailima, and Misitea [Mr. Gurr], who speaks for the family,—We are greatly rejoiced by the words that have fallen upon us. We are very proud to have built the sleeping-place of our beloved Tusitala.

"It has not been heavy work; it has been easy and light because of our great love. We know that the name of Tusitala is honored in other lands for his books and for his telling of fables; but in Samoa he was known and loved for his kind heart and for his great charity; he was wise in council and true in speech, and his name is held in loving memory by the people of this land. We have worked faithfully and well to show our love, and we rejoice that you find it good. Our work is ended; our speech is finished. Your Susugas, Tamaitai and Teuila, we honor and respect you. May you live!"

TEUILA.

VAILIMA, SAMOA, *June 15, 1897.*

THE FEAST GIVEN BY PANAPA ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TOMB.

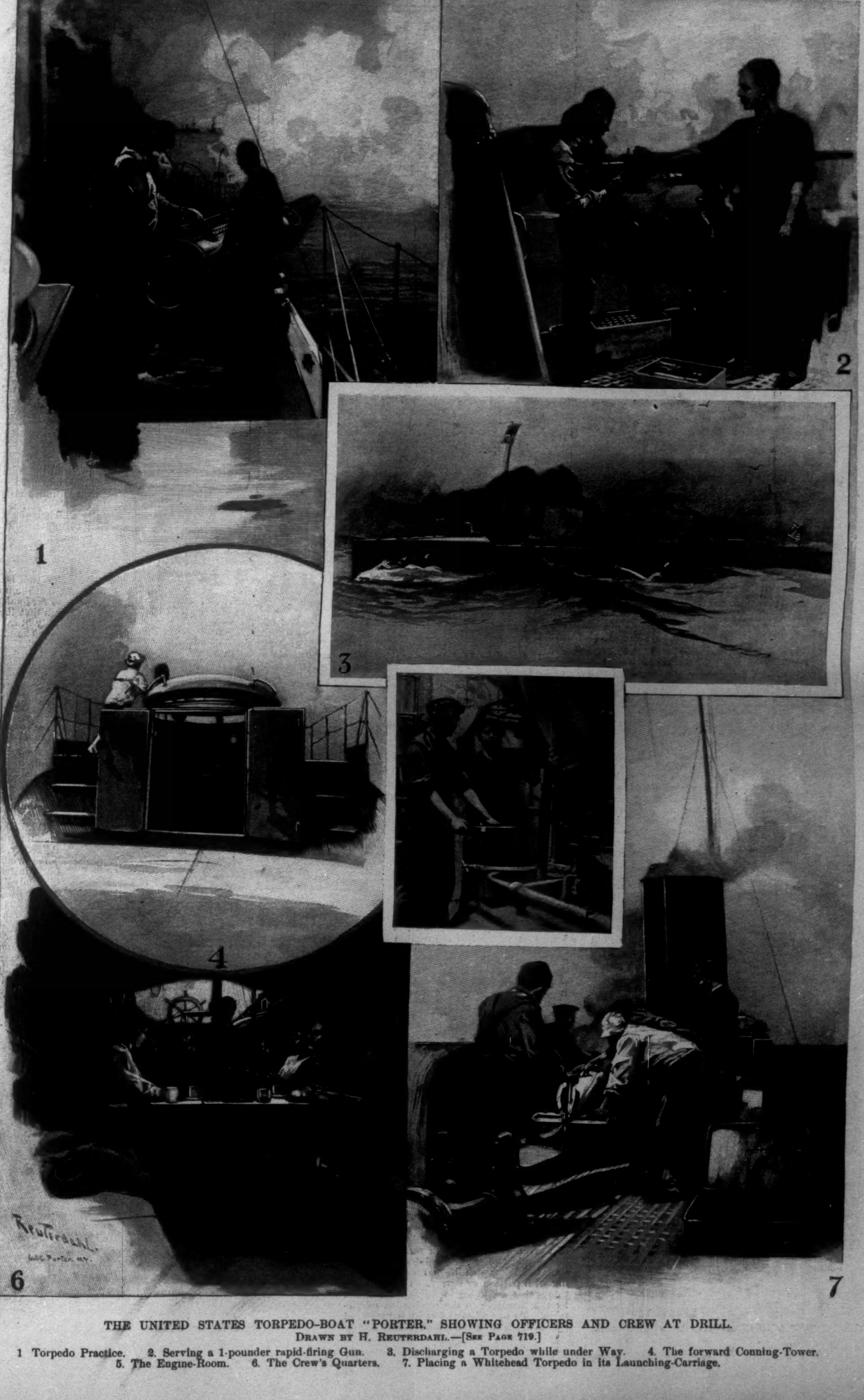
* Mr. Stevenson's native name, meaning "Writer of tales."

† Lady of the house—meaning Mrs. Stevenson.

‡ The native name of her daughter, Mrs. Strong.

§ The native name of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

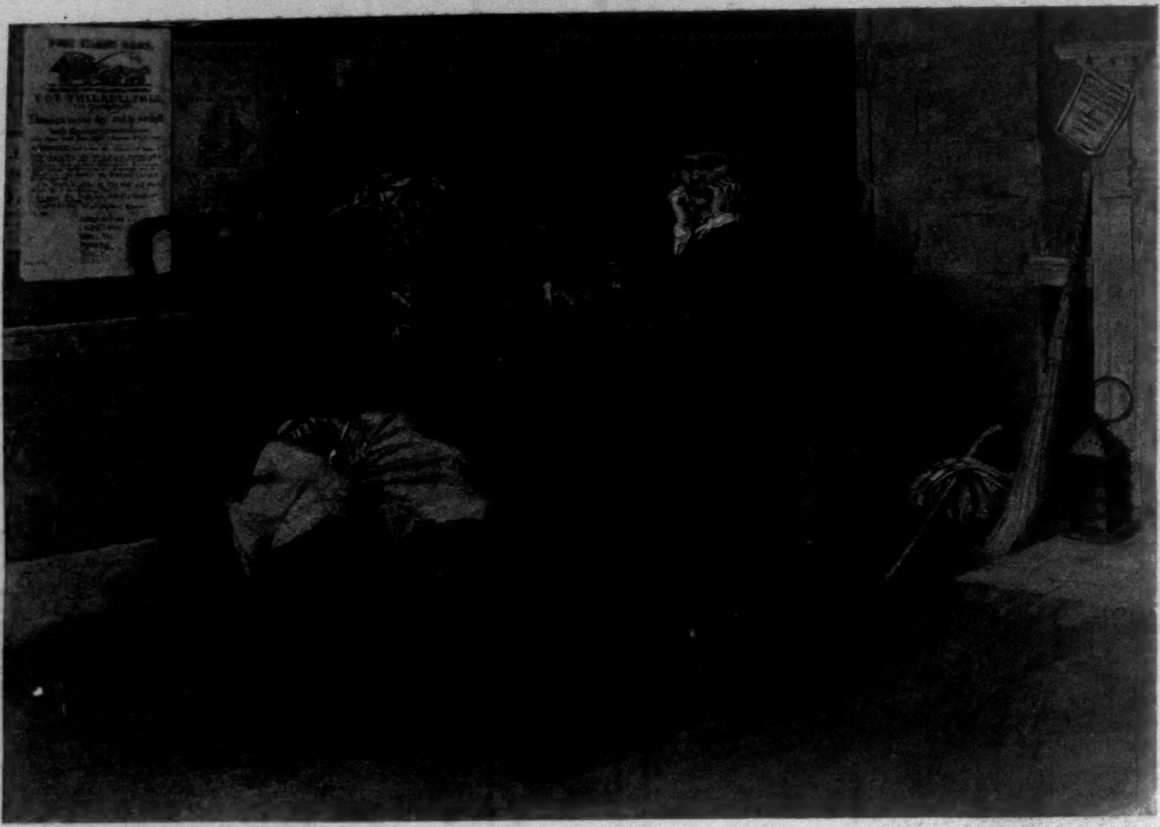
‖ Highness.



THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER," SHOWING OFFICERS AND CREW AT DRILL.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 719.]

1 Torpedo Practice. 2. Serving a 1-pounder rapid-firing Gun. 3. Discharging a Torpedo while under Way. 4. The forward Conning-Tower. 5. The Engine-Room. 6. The Crew's Quarters. 7. Placing a Whitehead Torpedo in its Launching-Carriage.



"LAND AND SEA."—By C. O. De Land.

A SMALL SCHOOL OF ART.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.

Every now and then the question is asked in the world that lies beyond the limit of the studios, Why have we no national art? To this the voice, as of authority, emanating from the studios, replies: There is and can be no such thing as a strictly national art. Art is universal, and is not limited to any nationality. Even if there could be such a thing as a national art, it would not be possible to establish anything so beautiful as a school of art with such surroundings as we possess. There could not be anything so beautiful in a country where the frame shanty takes the place of the thatched cottage; where board fences, painted with the yellow letters of pill advertisements, take the place of leafy hedgerows; where the eye measures the height of sixteen-story sky-scrapers instead of taking in the magnificent breadth of temples and of cathedrals; where, instead of a picturesque peasantry, we have grimy working-men clad in blue jean overalls, and wearing good machine-made shoes instead of wooden sabots—where, in short, everything is crass and new and ugly, instead of being mellow and old and beautiful.

"ANTRALIAN GIRL."
By J. H. Betts.

"THE VENDUE" (AND COMPOSITION).—By W. S. Lukens.

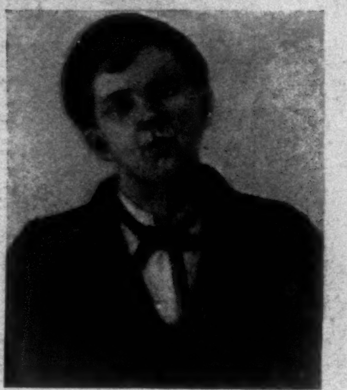
Such is the voice, half of authority, half of complaint, that emanates from the studios.

For my own part, I am not in sympathy with that voice. Maybe my lack of sympathy arises from the fact that, being an illustrator, and dealing with a more practical side of art, I stand, as it were, with only one foot planted in the Israel of academic art, the other leg being implanted in the Philistia of the outside world. There are some few of us who have quite as positive notions about art and its destiny as have those others of the studios—only perhaps we are not able to make our voices quite distinctly heard against our brethren. When a few shout against many, it takes strong lungs to make the minority's opinions heard.

Our opinion is not that the theory of the studios is amiss, but only that the *facts* happen to be against it. In regard to the first contention—that art is universal and is not national—I have only to say that it seems to us that there are distinctly national characteristics in art productions; that the pictures made in France do not seem to be at all like those made in Germany; that the pictures made in Germany do not look like those of Russia; that the pictures of Russia do not look like those of England; that the pictures of England do not look like those of any other nation. Each is distinct from all others; only American art, as a whole, appears to me to lack in individuality, and to partake more of the nature of French art.

As for the second contention of the studios, that our country lacks in picturesque possibilities, I have only to say that to our mind the work of Winslow Homer, not to speak of the work of Mr. Remington and of Mr. Frost, and of half a dozen other painter-illustrators, is a sufficient rebuttal of the dictum that our country lacks in the picturesque, without the need of additional argument upon my part.

It appears to me that in their contention that art is universal and consequently cannot be national, the academic artists miss one very subtle but very fundamental point in their argument. The point is this—that while art as art may be universal, *the expression of art differs with each nationality*. This must of necessity be so, for the true artist paints that which he sees in the world of nature, and not that which other men in studios tell him he ought to see.



"BOY WHISTLING."
By Miss W. Smith.

II.

There are a few of us who hold that art, according to our understanding, is not an abstract and general effort to embellish a canvas with more or less beautiful forms and color, applied with technical dexterity, but that art is, or should be, the effort to represent nature as we know it. That which constitutes an artist, according to our definition, is the ability to represent in form and color a certain delight in nature, so that other men may enjoy that delight as well as the artist himself.

The everlasting hills, the limpid streams, the green meadows, the whispering trees, the singing birds; over all the illimitable arch of heaven swimming with radiant clouds; in the midst of all, the palpitating human soul, throbbing with life and pleasure, burning with passion or agony. These are the things that, according to our notions, should be the incentive to the production of pictures. To our mind the artist is measured by the depth of his own impressions, and by his ability to make other men comprehend those impressions. It is not, according to our ideas, measured by the ability of the man to cover his canvas with dexterity and with facility of technique.

The earth, the sky, that humanity which is the life of nature—it is our aim to see and to understand these things, and they cannot, according to our notions, be thoroughly perceived or understood within the narrow limits of a studio and through clouds of cigarette smoke.

However, we are very conscious that we are in the minority, and that our voice can hardly make itself heard.

Nevertheless, it is perhaps unfortunate that the universal voice that issues from the studios is so far louder and more convincing to the young artist's ears that the still small voice of benignant Nature is generally heard to so little effect. It is unfortunate that those tricks of technical facility are more alluring than the slower and more laborious and secret processes which evolve—not an image of a fancied Madonna, or of a naked nymph dexterously painted, but of the wide luminosity of a God-created nature.

III.

The young art student, seeking to perfect himself in the technique of his chosen profession, having entered some of the great art schools, such as those of Boston, Chicago, New York, or Philadelphia, appears in a little while to lose the incentive and the ambition to produce a great picture. Instead, it becomes his incentive and his ambition to learn that fatal technical facility, to win the applause of his fellow-students and the praise of his instructors. The chief aim of his study appears to be to secure a prize that may enable him to continue his study abroad, and toward that aim he directs all his powers of application. Possibly, after three or four years, he wins that prize, with a great deal of glory among his fellow-students and the art world immediately surrounding him, and with a great and overwhelming delight to himself. Then he goes abroad and studies, possibly in Paris, for some years longer. After that he maybe returns again to his native country, and I think it is not often until then that the terrible realization suddenly dawns upon him that, after all this study, and all this

"STUDY OF A FACE."—By Miss A. A. Mhoon.

"A MODEL."
BY MISS A. A. MHOON.

labor, and all this endeavor, he is just as far from attaining any real and practical results in his art life as he was in the beginning of his art studies. Nay, the possibility of painting a real picture that shall interest the great world beyond his narrow ken is even further removed from him than it was at the beginning of those studies.

I know of no pathos greater than this—the futility and failure of talent because it has been misdirected into artificial channels. And the added pathos is that the artist does not know that his failure lies in this; that all the while he has been studying he has not really turned his eyes once toward nature for his inspiration. Instead of the breadth of that luminous nature, and of the reality of human life that is its soul, he has been studying first from plaster casts, then from human figures, and then from painted canvases, which at best only give him at second hand that which he should have obtained at first hand. He has turned his back upon the woods and fields, upon the open sky and the sunshine, upon the real passions of his fellow-men, and for all those years he has been studying nothing but what he has seen within the walls of his art school. It seems to those of us who look upon art from a different stand-point to be but little wonder that the graduated student from such a course of study should be able to paint nothing but portraits, or else maybe those dreadful naked nymphs that hang so unblushingly upon the walls in the exhibitions of academic art.

It seems to us that there must be something radically wrong when such poor results as these are all that the great art schools have to give.

IV.

It seems almost absurd for any man to assume such a herculean task as that of correcting so gigantic an evil as this. Nevertheless, I confess to having myself made some small attempt in that direction.

For some two or three years past I have been more or less directly interested in the art school of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, but it was only during the past year that any definite attempt was made to embody certain experimental methods into a practical form.

Fundamentally that instruction was based upon teaching the student to represent his impressions or his ideas in the practical form of a composition drawn with charcoal.

I am inclined to lay the greatest stress upon this particular part of art instruction, for it seems to me that unless the artist has some emotion or some impression or some real thought to express, it is useless to waste time in teaching him the technique required to express emotions, impressions, or thoughts upon canvas. Unless there is some meaning to convey, the technical vehicle to carry a meaning cannot, it seems to me, be of any use.

The parallel in literature is exact: the man must have something to say, or else it can be of no use to teach him the rules of rhetoric necessary to write a thesis or a narrative.

Thus I should place, first of all, as a requisite in the curriculum in the art school, instruction in composition, endeavoring to teach the student to observe all the particulars in nature—its wholesome earth, its sky, its living things—directing him to observe the emotions, the thoughts, the actions of his fellow-men—helping him to learn how to embody in some subtle but absolute form the things which he observes in the world about him.

Equally it is necessary to teach the student such technique that he may be able to build up his composition into a finished picture. To this end, I should advocate some such course as the following:

First of all, I would have the student instructed as to the proper construction of the human face and head. I think he should be taught not alone to draw the face from a model, but to reproduce it from his memory. I would have him learn, thus, from memory and from imagination, all the forms and all the subtleties of form of the face—how the eyes should repose within their orbits; how the various features should surround the eye; how the eyes themselves should turn with varied emotion; how the countenance should appear illuminated with pleasure or overclouded with pain. So taught, it seems to me that the student need not then depend upon his model for form, for expression, or for characteristics.

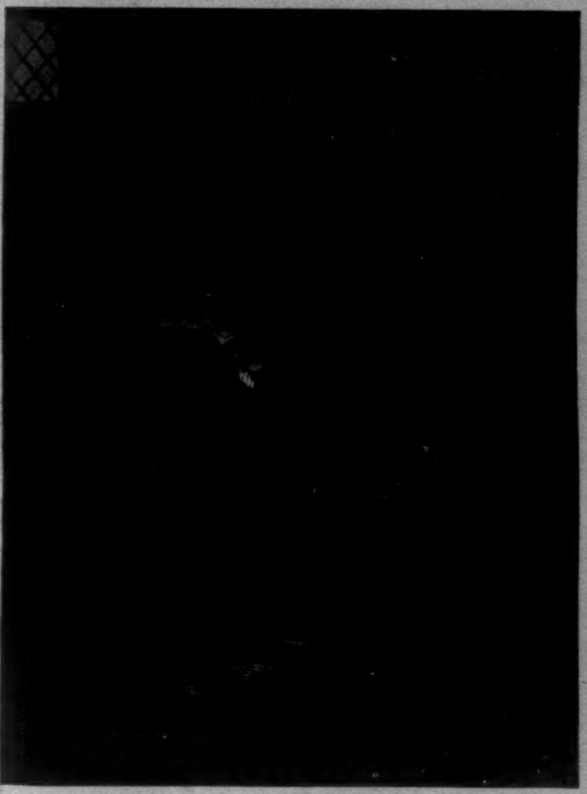
Parallel with this, which might perhaps be called a study of facial construction, I would have the student taught to draw the draped model instead of instructing him to draw the nude figure.

In this class I should try not only to teach the student so to draw the human figure that it might appear to stand upon its feet, to move easily and fluently with articulate joints, to breathe and to live, but I would have him taught as well how to clothe this figure as though in real clothes of different stuffs and colors and textures—the clothes belonging individually to the painted figure as real clothes belong individually to the real man.

All this should be taught, it seems to me, not loosely, as in a charcoal sketch, but positively, concisely, and most particularly. Indeed, while it commonly takes a student two or three hours every day for maybe five days to depict a nude model in a careful accurate study, it should take him perhaps twice as long to represent a draped figure in the same manner.

Progressing from this, the student should, in my opinion, be then finally introduced into a class in which he should be taught so to paint the human figure that it shall appear to live and move and to breathe in a world of its own. To effect this he must know how to alter the countenance of the model so that it shall become idealized into the character to be represented in the picture. The light should be altered so as to represent the peculiar illumination that suffuses the picture. The background of the studio or of the class-room should be made to disappear, and in its stead there should be another background—maybe of rocks and trees and floating clouds; maybe of a room in some quaint old house or inn of a hundred years ago; maybe of some other dimly lighted room full of the gray of twilight.

It was to fulfil somewhat this idea that our present method of instruction was introduced into the Drexel Institute. Every beginning must be small. We are few—master and pupils—who have labored together in our little art school during the past year. We have not, perhaps, accomplished a great deal; we have in the class illustrated some half-dozen important books of the season, and have painted some half-dozen other pictures that have been used in various forms of publication; we have not done more than this, but we are enthusiastic and very earnest in our experiment, and when enthusiasm and hard work go hand in hand the result is sometimes, I think, a not inglorious success.



"A STUDY."—BY MISS E. W. AHRENS.

"CONFESSION."—BY MISS E. B. BONSALL.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE *Revue de Paris* has published an interesting article by Camille Saint-Saëns, on the subject of Gounod's *Faust*. The theme is well worn, but Saint-Saëns has some new details to hang upon it. He recalls that at the first performance the Garden Scene was ruthlessly cut as making the opera drag in action, and that among the auditors were many so impressed with the episodes retained as to object, including a lady who remarked to Saint-Saëns, "If anybody never loved anything more than a dog in all their lives they ought to comprehend that music!" The tenor Barbot would not sing the part of Faust unless his once-famous trill was allowed somewhere in the score. He brought it into the close of the "Salut! demeure!" "where," says Saint-Saëns, "it had the effect of a pretty curl of hair found in an ice."

The reports that Nicolini, the tenor, and husband of Madame Patti, is dying seem to be confirmed. For many years he has been afflicted with Bright's disease. He cannot leave his room, and all Madame Patti's social engagements are cancelled. She is in constant attendance on the sufferer, who hardly allows her to be out of his sight.

A census of the number of French pilgrims at Baireuth has been made, and it affords a commentary on the Wagnerian movement in France. The following figures are given: In 1876, 52; 1882, 114; 1883, 57; 1884, 29; 1886, 163; 1888, 122; 1889, 156; 1891, 310; 1892, 560; 1894, 403; 1896, 720.

When the good Jesuit fathers were trying to convert the American Indians from their darkness, and to learn the Indian dialects as a preparatory process, their work was much hindered by the fact that the spokesmen of certain tribes amused themselves by teaching the innocent priests all sorts of improper words and phrases, under the pretence that such were the equivalent of French words and phrases of solemnity. It was not until the priests preached and set their red audiences into irreverent laughter that the trick was discovered. The late Emmanuel Chabrier, the composer, too neglected, of "Gwendoline" and the "Spanish Rhapsody," while stopping in Carlsruhe with the conductor Félix Mottl, kindly offered to teach Mottl colloquial French. He imparted to Mottl all the slang that he could recall, giving Mottl the idea that the words were the best of polite French. Mottl did not find out the sort of diction he was painstakingly acquiring until he had upset the gravity even of French interlocutors of extra politeness in Paris.

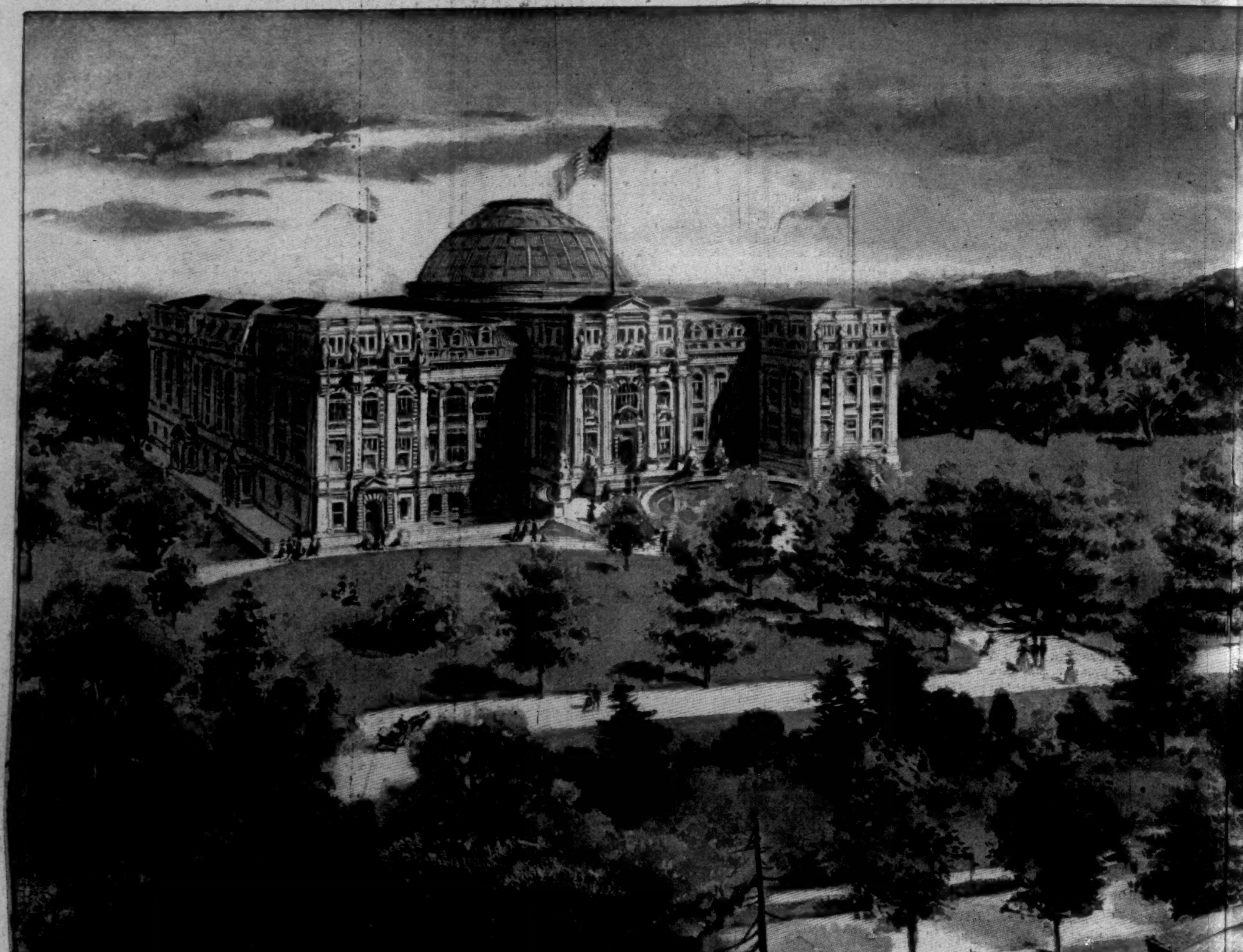
The Victorian Diamond Jubilee has elicited new English national anthems and the revamping of sundry of the old ones. Here are two verses from the "Diamond Jubilee Rule Britannia," by Dr. W. Karl E. Vincent, a Canadian lyrist, who seems international in his feelings. His prayer is—

> Uniting in resistless might,
> Give Anglo-Saxon "*Concert*" birth,
> Make selfish Might give place to Right,
> And force perpetual Peace on earth.
> *Chorus.*—Rule Britannia.
>
> Extend the Arbitration Scheme,
> Place barb'rous war beneath the ban;
> And usher in the new régime,
> The Poet's Parliament of Man!
> *Chorus.*—Rule Britannia.

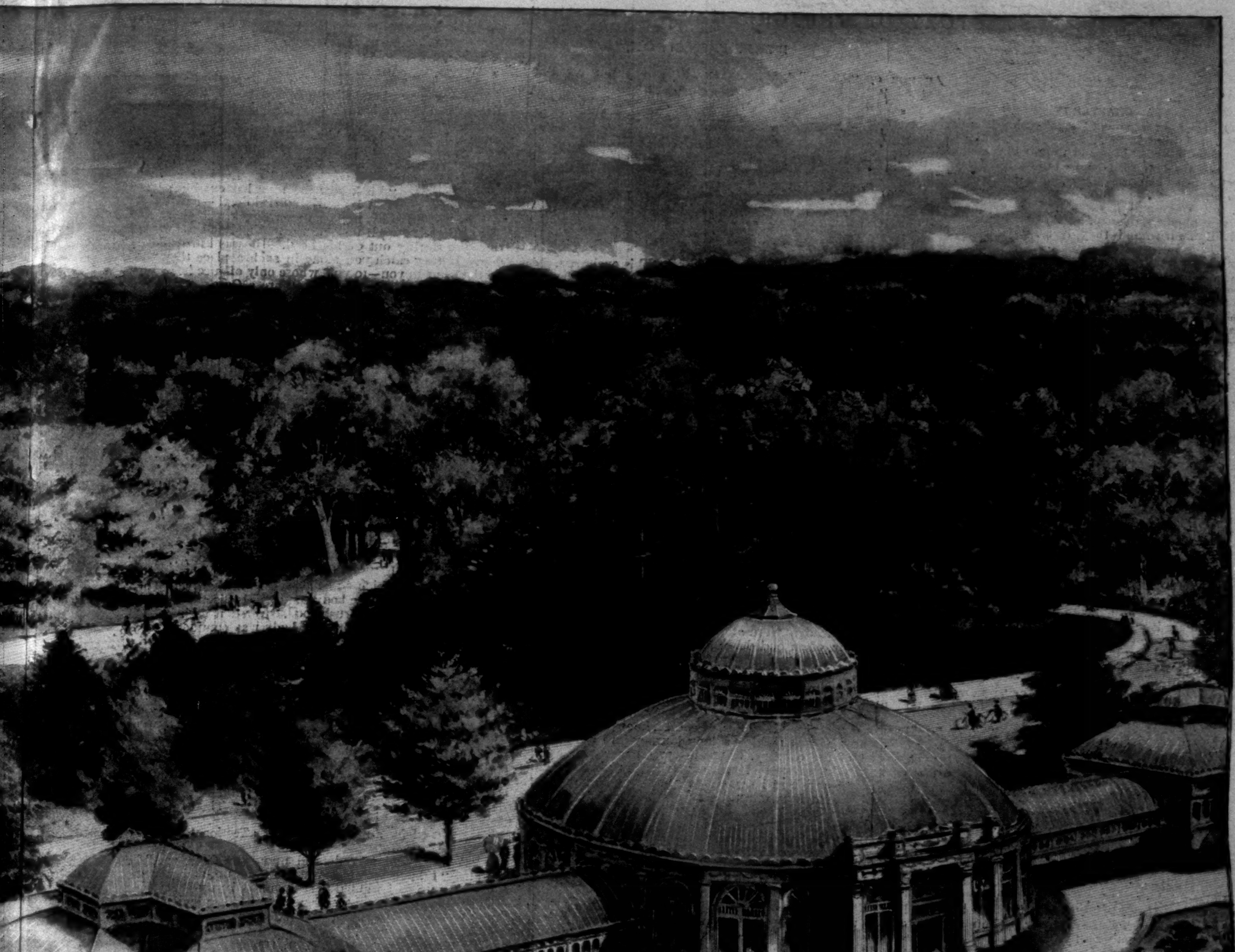
The receipts for London's gala performance of opera at the Covent Garden house in the royal Jubilee week considerably exceeded nine thousand pounds.

The Princess Metternich-Sandor and M. Victor Maurel, along with a special committee, have been introducing to the Parisian musical aristocracy Smetana's lively opera *The Bartered Bride*, given, as to a large part of its score, in concert form, in M. Maurel's drawing-room. The interpreters were largely fashionable, but very artistic. The Princess paid for the performance. There has often been talk, during one operatic season or another, of bringing out *The Bartered Bride* in this city, but our managers have neglected it. A fairly intelligent production of it, however, was given by a large Bohemian organization of the East Side four or five summers ago, with several professional singers enlisted, and a tolerable orchestra.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.



NEW YORK CITY'S NEW BOTANICAL GARDEN—THE SITE SELECTED IN BRONX PARK, SHOWING T



G THE PROPOSED MUSEUM AND HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS.—Drawn by Victor Perard.—[See Page 718.]

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR the next two days Nicholas almost entirely devoted himself to Mitsos. He took the boy out shooting with him, and taught him how to stand absolutely still, how to take advantage of the slightest cover in approaching game, and how, if there was no cover, to wriggle along the ground so that the coarse, tall grass and heather entirely concealed him. There were plenty of roe-deer on the hills outside Nauplia towards Epidaurus, and they had two days' excellent shooting.

They were walking home together after sunset the next evening. Nicholas's pony was being led by Mitsos, and slung over its back were two roe-deer—one of which Mitsos had shot himself—and several hares, which Nicholas, with a skill that appeared almost superhuman to the boy, had shot running. The pony was tired, and hung back on the bridle, and Mitsos, with the rope over his shoulder, was pulling more than leading it.

"And if," Nicholas was saying to him—"if you can approach a roe-deer as you approached that one to-day, Mitsos, without being seen, you can also approach a man in the same way, for man is more stupid than roe-deer, as a rule. And it is very important when you are hunting man, or being hunted by him—which is quite as exciting and much less pleasant—that you should be able to approach him or pass by him without being seen. It may be, Mitsos, that I shall need, before very long, men who can hunt men, or, if need be, be hunted by them. In two days I shall be going away, but I shall leave this gun behind for you."

"For me, Uncle Nicholas?" said Mitsos, scarcely believing his ears.

"Yes; but it shall be no toy thing to you. For the present you must go out every day shooting, but you must treat it as a matter concerning your life and death, instead of the life and death of a piece of meat. Stalk every roe as if it were a man who would kill you if he saw you; and if ever it sees you before you get a shot, you must consider that you have simply wasted your time and my gift to you. But go fishing, too, and treat that seriously. Don't go sailing about to amuse yourself, or only to catch fish. Before you start settle exactly how you are to get anywhere, in two tacks or three, and do it. Practise taking advantage of a wind which blows no stronger than a man's whistling."

"I can sail a boat against any one in Nauplia," said Mitsos, proudly.

"That is good, but you can't sail a boat perfectly yet. For instance, we ought to have got across in two tacks last night. And study the winds; know what wind to expect in the morning, and know exactly when the land breeze springs up. Go outside the harbor, too; know the shapes of the capes and inlets of the gulf outside as you know the shape of your own hand."

"But how can I shoot and fish, and also look after the vines and get work in other vineyards in the autumn?"

"That will also be settled. Obey your father absolutely. I have spoken to him. Also, you stop at home too much in the evenings. Go and sit at the cafés in the town, and play cards and draughts after dinner. Keep your ears always open, and remember all you hear said by any one about these Turks. When I come back you must be able to tell me, if I ask you, who are good Greeks, who would risk something for the sake of their wives and children, and who are lazy dolts who care for nothing but to drink their sour wine and live pig lives. Above all, remember that you haven't seen me for a year—or two, if you like."

Mitsos laughed.

"It won't be a year, really, before you come again, will it?"

"Perhaps more. I can't tell. What you must not do is to waste time. You are full young, Mitsos, but—but—well, we shall see when I come back. Here we are on the plain again. Give me that lazy brute's bridle. Are you tired, little one?"

"Hungry chiefly."

"So am I. But luckily it is a small thing whether one is hungry or not. You will learn some day what it is to be dead beat—so hungry that you can't eat; so tired that you can't sleep. And when that day comes, God send you a friend to look after you, or at least a dram of brandy. By-the-way, never drink brandy unless you feel you will die if you don't. Well, that's enough advice for the present. If you remember it all, you will do well."

Nicholas went to see the Mayor of Nauplia the next day, and told Mitsos he had to put on his best clothes and come with him. His best clothes were of course Albanian, consisting of a frilled shirt, an embroidered jacket, fustanella, gaiters, and red shoes with tassels. To say that he loathed best clothes as such would be a weak way of stating the twitching discomfort they produced in him; but somehow when Nicholas was there it seemed to him natural to wish to look smart, and he found himself regretting that his fustanella had not been very freshly washed, and was getting too short for his long legs.

The mayor received Nicholas with great respect, and ordered his wife to bring in coffee and spirits for them both. He looked at Mitsos with interest as he came in, and, as Mitsos thought, nodded to Nicholas, as if there was some understanding between them.

When coffee had come and the woman had left the room, Nicholas drew his chair closer, and beckoned to Mitsos to come to him.

"This is the young wolf," he said. "He is learning to hunt for himself."

"So that he may hunt for others," said the mayor.

"Exactly. I have to leave to-morrow, and while I am away I want you to keep very quiet. I have done all I wanted to do here, and I want things to simmer for a while. There has been much harm done in Athens by men who cannot hold their tongues. As you know, the patriots there are collecting money and men, but they are so proud of their subscriptions, which are very large, that they must simply tell everybody about it. Here I want no talking. When the time comes Father Andréa will speak; he will put the simmering-pot on the fire. I would give five years of my life to be able to talk as he can talk."

"The next five years?" asked Dimitri.

Nicholas smiled.

"Well, no, not the next five years. I would not give them up for fifty thousand years in heaven. By-the-way, have you any corn?"

"Black corn for the Turk?"

"Of course."

Dimitri glared at Mitsos, and raised his eyebrows.

"They are grinding black corn for the Turk," he said.

"Let there be no famine."

Mitsos, of course, understood nothing of this, and his uncle did not think fit to enlighten him.

"You will hear more about the black corn," he said to him. "At present forget that you have heard of it at all. Have you got those men for me?" he asked, turning to Dimitri.

"Yes; do you want them to-day?"

"No. Mitsos will go with me as far as Nemea, and they had better join me there. Turkish dress, you know."

He rose, leaving the brandy untasted.

"Will you not drink?" asked Dimitri.

"No, thanks. I never drink brandy. One does not drink medicine when one is well."

Nicholas left the next day towards evening, for there would be a moon rising soon after sunset, and during the day the plain was a grilling rack. Already also it was safer for Greeks to travel by night, for it was known and suspected among the Turks that some movement was going on among them, and it had several times happened before now that an attack had been made upon countrymen, who were waylaid and stopped in solitary mountain paths by bands of Turkish soldiers. They were questioned about the suspected designs of their nation, on which subject they for the most part knew nothing, as the plans of their leaders were at present kept very dark, and the interview often ended in their being shot or hung from a tree. But through the incredible indolence and laziness of the Turks, while they feared and suspected what was going on, they contented themselves with stopping and questioning men whom they happened to see travelling from one place to another, and kept no watch upon the roads at night. Nicholas, of course, knew this, and when as now he was making a long journey into a disaffected part of the country, where his presence would at once have aroused suspicion, he travelled by night, reaching the village where he was going to stay before daybreak, and not moving again till after dark.

Accordingly he and Mitsos set off after dinner across the plain to Corinth. The main road led through Argos, which they avoided, keeping well to the right of the river-bed. Their horses were fresh, and moved along steadily at that quick amble which covers almost as much ground as a trot. By ten o'clock the moon was up, and they saw in front of them the village of Phyctia. Then again they made a détour to the right, in order to avoid it, for a garrison of Turks were stationed there—turning off a mile before they got to it—so as not even to run the risk of awakening the dogs. Their way lay close under the walls of the ancient Mycenæ, where it was reported that a treasure of curious antique gold had lately been found; and as they were in plenty of time to reach Nemea by midnight, Nicholas halted here for a few minutes, and he and Mitsos looked wonderingly at the great walls of the citadel.

"They say the kings of Greece are buried here," said Nicholas. "There will be kings of Greece again before long."

Beyond Mycenæ they struck a mountain path leading through the woods, which joined, a few miles further up, the main road from Corinth to Argos; and as it was now late, and the ways were quiet, Nicholas saw no reason for not taking this road as soon as they struck it, and they wound their way up along the steep narrow path towards it.

The moon had cleared the top of Mount Elias behind them, and shone with a great light, as clear as running water. Mitsos was riding first, more than half asleep, and letting his pony pick its way among the big stones and bowlders which strewed the rough path, when suddenly it shied violently, nearly unseating him, and wheeled round. He woke with a start and grasped the rope bridle, which he had tied to the wooden saddle-board to check it. Nicholas's pony had shied too, but he was the first to turn it round again; and Mitsos, who had been carried past him, dismounted and led his pony, who was trembling with fright, up to the other. Nicholas had dismounted too, and was standing at the point where the bridle-path led into the main road when Mitsos came up.

"What did they shy at?" Mitsos began, when suddenly he saw what Nicholas was looking at.

From a tree at the junction of the paths hung the figure of a man. His arms were extended limply by his side, and his feet dangled some two feet from the ground. The rope had cut the skin of his neck, and blood was sprinkled on the front of his white linen tunic. Above the strangling line which went round his neck the muscles were thick and swollen with congested blood.

But Nicholas only stopped a moment, and then, throwing his bridle to Mitsos, drew his knife and cut him down. The two horses shied so violently as Nicholas staggered forward with his murdered burden that Mitsos could not hold them both, and letting go of his own, clung with both hands to the bridle of Nicholas's, while his own animal galloped off down the path homewards. He quieted the other by degrees, and led him past into the main road, where he tied him up to a tree some twenty yards on, and returned to where Nicholas was kneeling over the body.

"We are too late," he said; "he is quite dead."

And suddenly, after the hot-blooded, warm-hearted nature of his race, this strong man, who had lived half his life with blood and death and murder, burst into tears.

Mitsos was awed and silent.

"Do you know him, Uncle Nicholas?" he asked at length.

"No, I do not know him, but he is one of my unhappy race, who this brood of devils oppresses and treats as it would not treat a dog. Mitsos," he said, suddenly, "swear that you will never forget this. Look here—look here," he said. "Look how the rope has cut him; look how they killed him by a disgraceful death—and why? For no reason. Because he was a Greek. Look at his face. Force yourself to look at it. The lips are purple, the eyes staring out of his head. He was killed like a dog. If they catch you alone in such a place they will do the same to you—to you, whose only offence is, as this poor burden's has been, that you are a Greek. Look at his neck, swollen in his death-struggle."

The boy suddenly turned away.

"Don't! Don't!" he said. "I can't look. It is too horrible."

Nicholas did not seem to hear what he said, and went on, in a sort of savage frenzy.

"Look! Look, I tell you!" he cried, "and then swear, in the name of God, remembering also what I told you of my wife and child, that you will have no pity on the race that has done this—on neither man, woman, nor child; not even on the poor weak women, for they are the mothers of monsters who do these things. This is the work of the men they bear—this and outrage and infamous lust."

He was silent a moment, and then spoke more calmly.

"Swear it, Mitsos, in the name of God."

And Mitsos looked at the dead thing and swore.

"And now," said Nicholas, "take hold of the feet, and we will give it what burial we can. Stay. Wait a moment." He tore off a piece of the man's tunic, and dipping his finger in the blood that still was wet on the neck, wrote, in Turkish, the word "Revenge," and fastened it to the end of rope which still dangled from the tree. Then he and Mitsos took the body some yards distant from the road, and tearing up brushwood, covered it with it. On this they laid stones until the body was completely concealed and defended against the preying creatures of the mountain.

Then Nicholas bared his head. "God forgive him all his sins," he said, "and impute them to his murderers."

They went to where Nicholas's horse was tied up, and he, hearing that the other had bolted, made Mitsos mount his, as he would have to walk back, and he himself went on foot. In another hour they came to the junction of the two roads from Nemea and Corinth, and Nicholas told Mitsos to go no further.

"It is safer for me to go alone here," he said, "and it is already late, and you will have to walk. Don't waste time about getting back to the plain. The nights are short."

He paused for a moment, looking affectionately at the boy.

"A great deal may depend upon you, little one," he said. "I have watched you growing up, and you are growing up as I wanted to see you. Distrust everything and everybody, except perhaps your father and myself, and be afraid of nothing. At the same time take all possible care of yourself."

He put his hands on his shoulders.

"I shall be back in a year, or six months, or perhaps to-morrow, or perhaps never. That does not concern you. Your father and I will always tell you what to do. And now good-by."

He kissed him on the cheeks, mounted his horse, and rode off, never looking behind. Mitsos stopped still a moment looking after him, and then turned to go home.

Five minutes more brought Nicholas to the edge of the village where the three men whom Dimitri had sent were waiting for him. One of them was a Greek servant, who held Nicholas's horse while he dismounted and changed his Albanian costume for a Turkish dress, and the others were leaders of local movements against the Turks, and were going with him to Corinth. Like Nicholas himself, they all spoke Turkish.

Nicholas dressed himself quickly, but then stopped for a moment irresolute. Then—

"Take the horse on," he said to the servant. "I will walk."

Mitsos meantime was going quickly along the main road back to Argos. He was honest enough to acknowledge to himself that he very much disliked the thought of taking that bridle-path through the woods. He retained too vivid a recollection of that end of rope dangling from the tree with the fragment of tunic fluttering in the breeze. Even his pony, he thought, would have been a companion; but his pony, as he hoped, was nearly at home by this time.

Once or twice he thought he heard movements and whispered rustlings in the bushes, which made his heart beat rather quicker than was comfortable. Ordinarily he did not notice such things, but the scene at the cross-road still twanged some chord of horror within him.

However, there was nothing to be done, and keeping his eyes steadily averted—for, like most Greeks, he had a rooted belief in and horror of ghosts—he marched boldly enough past the spot, and began making his way down the rough bridle-path.

Clouds had come up from the sea, and the moon was travelling slowly through them, casting only a diffused and uncertain light. But the path, with its glimmering white stones, showed clearly enough, and there was no fear of his missing his way. But about a couple of hundred yards down the path he heard a noise which made his heart suddenly leap into his throat and stay there poised, giving a little cracking sound with each beat. The noise was unmistakable; two men, if not three, were running down the road he had just left. The next moment he had left the path, and striking into the bushes at the side, moved quickly up the hill again, hoping to throw them off the scent. He was, as he knew, very indifferently concealed, but he dare not go further among the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

for fear of the sound of his steps leading them to ..., and, remembering Nicholas's lessons in the art of ...ing still, he waited. His pursuers, if pursuers they were, seemed to go slower as they turned into the path, and soon he caught sight of them through the tree trunks. ...re were two of them, both in Turkish dress. As they ...e nearer he could hear them speaking in low tones, ...then one ran off down the path, in order, as he sup...d, to see whether he was still on ahead.

...itsos drew a long breath; there was only one to be ...koned with now, and stealing out of the bush where ...e had been crouching, he moved as quietly as he could ...urther into cover. But a twig cracking with a sharp re...port under his foot revealed his whereabouts, and the ...an who had waited in the path shouted out to the other. ...he next moment they were in pursuit.

As he ran, Mitsos felt in his belt for the knife he always ...rried with him, but, to his wonder and dismay, found it ...s gone. Never in his life could he remember being ...ithout it. But it was no season to waste time, and ...owing that his only chance lay in running, he plunged ...ong through the bushes, in order to get back to the ...th, and match his speed against theirs. But his pur...ers were close upon him, and in jumping, or trying to ...mp, a small thicket which closed his path, he caught ...s foot and fell.

Before he had time to recover himself they had seized ...m. He had only time to let out with his right hand at the ...ace of one of the men, who just avoided the blow, and ...hen both hands were seized. They whipped a cord round his legs and tied his hands behind his back, and carried him off straight to the tree from which the end of the ...ope and its ghastly legend were still hanging.

A third Turk was sitting on the ground smoking, and, ...s the others came up, he said a word to them in Turkish, which Mitsos did not understand. Then one of the two others turned to him, and speaking in Greek,

"Tell us where Nicholas Vidális is," he said, "and we will let you go."

Silence.

"We know who you are. You are Mitsos Codones, the son of Yanni, from Nauplia, and he is your uncle."

Mitsos looked up.

"That is so. But I have not seen him for a year—more than a year," he said.

One of the men laughed.

"You were seen with him yesterday in Nauplia," he ...id. "Tell us where he is, and we will let you go, and ...will give you these," and he held out a handful of ...iastres.

This time Mitsos laughed; he had not meant to laugh, and the sound was strange to his own ears.

"That is a lie," he said. "He has not been at Nauplia for a year. As for your piastres, if you think I am telling a lie, do you suppose that I should speak differently for the sake of them?"

"I will give you one minute," said the other, "and ...en you will hang from that tree if you do not tell us. One of your countrymen, I see, has cut the rope, but there will be enough left for a tall boy like you."

They strolled away towards where the third man was sitting, leaving him there bound.

"Perhaps the end of the rope might make him speak," said one. But the third man shook his head.

What Mitsos thought of during these few seconds he never clearly knew. He noticed that the edge of the moon was free of cloud again, and it would soon be lighter. He felt a breeze come up from the east, which fluttered the rag of tunic hanging from the rope, and once a pigeon flew out of a bush near. Then the two men rose again and pulled him under the tree. The end of the piece of tunic flapped against his forehead.

They untied the rope, and one man made a noose in it, while the other turned back the collar of his coat. Then the rope was passed round his neck and tightened ...e felt the knot behind, just where the hair grows short on the neck.

"One more chance," said the man. "Will you tell us?"

Mitsos had shut his eyes, and he clinched his teeth to help himself not to speak. For a moment they all waited, quite still.

"Then up with him," said the man.

He waited for the choking tension of the rope, still silent, still with eyes shut. But instead of that he felt two hands on his shoulders and fingers at the knot behind, and he opened his eyes. The third man, who had been silent, was standing in front of him.

"Mitsos," he said—"my great little Mitsos!"

For a moment the world seemed to go round, and he ...alf fell, half staggered against Nicholas.

"You?" he said.

"Yes, I. Mitsos, will you forgive me? I ought to have been certain of you, and in my heart I was certain of you. But I wanted to test you to the full! To put the fear of death before you, so that others could be certain of you ...s I was certain really all along. My poor boy, don't tremble so. Hit me in the face if you like. My God, Mitsos, if you had hit one-hundredth part of a second sooner, one of these men would have gone home with no nose and fewer teeth. You hit straight from the shoulder, with your weight in your fist. And that double you made up the hill was splendid. Mitsos, speak to me!"

But the boy, pale and trembling, had sunk down on the ground and said nothing.

"Here, spirits," said Nicholas, and he made Mitsos drink.

He sat down by him, and with almost womanly tenderness was stroking his hair.

"You were as firm as a rock," he said, "when you stood there, and I saw the muscle of your jaw clinch."

Mitsos, to whom brandy was a new thing, recovered himself by degrees.

"I wasn't frightened then," he said; "I was only frightened afterwards."

"I have been a cruel brute," said Nicholas. "Really, Mitsos, if you like, I will stand up and let you knock me down."

The boy laughed.

"No, thanks. I can do without that."

Then his boyish spirits began to assert themselves.

"Did I—did I behave all right, Uncle Nicholas?"

"All right? I should think you did. It is even as your father told me, that you were fit for the keeping of an oath."

Mitsos flushed with pleasure.

"Then I don't mind, if it has made you think that. But if I had had my knife there would have been trouble. I can't think how I lost it."

Nicholas laughed.

"Here it is," he said. "I took the liberty of taking it away from you while you were dozing, as you rode. I thought it might be dangerous in your barbarous young hands."

Mitsos put it back in his belt.

"I am ready now. I shall start off again."

Nicholas rose too.

"I will come with you as far as the plain, and then I must get on. The piastres were a poor trick, eh?"

"Very poor indeed, I thought," said Mitsos.

The uncle and nephew walked on together, and the other two men strolled more slowly after them. Nicholas could have shouted for joy. He had found what he had been looking for so long—some one whom he could trust unreservedly, and over whom he had influence. To do him justice, the cruelty of what he had done made his stomach turn against himself; but he was associated with men who mistrusted everybody, unless there was convincing proof of their trustworthiness. Mitsos had stood the severest test that could be devised without flinching. He was one of ten thousand.

At the end of the woods they parted. Mitsos's nerve had come back to him, and the knowledge that Nicholas trusted him implicitly, combined with the fascination the man exercised over him, quite overscored any grudge he might have felt, for Nicholas's last words to him were words to be remembered.

"And now good-by," he said. "You have behaved in a way I hardly dared to hope you would, though I think I believed you would. You have been through a man's test—the test of a strong and faithful man. Others will soon know of it, and know you to be trustworthy to the uttermost. Greece is going to be revenged, and you shall be among the foremost of her avengers."

So Nicholas went his way northwards, and Mitsos home, and just as the earliest streaks of dawn lit the sky he reached his father's house.

The truant pony was standing by the way-side cropping the dew-drenched grass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN UNROMANTIC SHIPWRECK.

A Yarn of Summer Seas.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE sea was blue, the sky was clear, the sun was aflame, and the west wind filled the mainsail. The ripples sang and broke into molten silver under the yacht's prow, and spread away on either side in streaming undulations. No wonder the Spinster had one of her spasms of idealism! She leaned against the mast, spread her arms abroad, and declaimed:

> "Spirit of Nature! Here!
> In this interminable wilderness
> Of worlds, at whose immensity
> Even soaring fancy staggers,
> Here is thy fitting temple."

"A bumper to Nature in Nature's own beverage!" cried the Architect, draining a glass of water at one fell swoop.

"How is it, I wonder, that in the home of culture which we have just left, we have missed all this?" asked the Spinster. "I never dreamed that Nature was so glorious."

"Then I'm glad I got you to slip your cables," said the Doctor. For a few moments all were silent, while the rapture of the occasion entered into their souls. The Matinée Girl closed her eyes, and for a single fleeting instant dreamed she saw Sikish's spiritual hands conducting the Only Symphony Orchestra in a performance of the flower-girls' music from *Parsifal*. The Æsthetic Girl said a prayer for the peace of Burne-Jones. The Architect saw temples of Greece beyond the horizon, and the Novelist thought of a situation for Chapter I. The Doctor for a moment forgot to speak nautically, and even the Captain of the yacht said it was a fine day. As for the Bohemian Poet, he saw that his pipe was out, relit it, and murmured, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

"What do you mean?" demanded the Spinster.

"In ten minutes the wind will die out," answered the Poet, imperturbably; "we shall be becalmed, and there's a fog coming up."

"Blowed if you ain't right!" said the Captain, taking a hasty glance around.

"What matters it?" cried the Spinster. "Still we shall be close to Nature's heart."

And they all thrilled at the thought, except the Poet, who never thrilled at the wrong time, and the Novelist, who never thrilled at all. The fog arrived strictly on time, and the thrills folded their wings and drooped visibly. And there was silence for the space of one hour. At the end of that period the Spinster, with one of her sudden bursts of materialism, said, "What is fog, anyhow?"

"Fog is English," said the Novelist, with pitiable solemnity.

They all hugged their knees as they sat along the cabin trunk, and looked at him with sad eyes. He was so full of untimely triviality, this Novelist of the commonplace. The Matinée Girl closed her eyes and tried to think Brahms, but she could hear nothing but Délibes.

"Well," said the Doctor, who was so nautical that the Novelist had pronounced him unacquainted with any medicine save salts, "here we are lost in a fog, the gravest of all dangers at sea."

The Bohemian Poet, who was sitting on the bowsprit, accentuated this truth by winding a long blast on the fog-horn.

"We are standing along on the starboard tack," continued the Doctor, "under all plain sail. By dead-reckoning we are sixteen miles from the nearest land, and—"

At that instant there was a crash, a great jar, and most of them fell off the cabin trunk.

"Wot'n thunder's that?" cried the Captain.

"A large brown rock, most excellent of skippers," replied the Poet, blandly; "and if I mistake not, it has knocked a discouraging hole in the bottom of your sloop. However, I think there is land ahead."

"How fur?" asked the Captain.

"About fifteen feet, replied the Poet. "I'm sure I can't see farther than that in this fog."

"It's Saddle Island!" exclaimed the Captain. "We're six miles out of our reckonin'."

"Which was not only dead, but buried," murmured the Novelist.

> "Sea-fruit that swings in the waves that hiss,
> Drowned gold and purple and royal rings,
> And all time past, was it all for *this*?"

So quoted the Poet. The Matinée Girl shuddered, closed her eyes, and saw Paderewski playing his own "Chant du Voyage." But the Æsthetic Maiden, who up to this time had not spoken, said, in a low, scornful voice:

"Fleshly poetry! Ugh!"

Although the Bohemian Poet was more than thirty feet away, he heard her, and his eyes grew wistful.

"Well," said the Doctor, giving his trousers a nautical hitch, "the next thing to do is to get all hands ashore, and then get the yacht off the rocks."

"I dun'no' 'bout that last part," said the Captain, who had been below. "I'm afeard she's got too big a hole in her."

"But we do not care to sit here," said the Spinster. "I feel as if I were over a slumbering volcano."

The Novelist was certainly about to speak, but she looked him full in the eye, and he held his peace manfully. The Captain pulled the dingy alongside, and invited the Spinster and the Matinée Girl to enter. Then the young New York matron, who had been earning her right to the title of Chaperon by ignoring every one, arose and brushed the Spinster aside.

"It is not proper," she said. "I must be on the shore when the young ladies arrive."

In half an hour the entire yachting party was landed on the shore, which was a tangled desert of yellow sand and salt meadow grass. Little of it was to be seen, however, for the fog was inexorable. The Captain rowed around the sloop, and came back with the dispiriting news that she had struck at full high-water, and that it would be at least twelve hours before she could be got off. And he had grave doubts of her floating even then.

"You must imitate the heroic lieutenant of the *Kearsarge*," said the Doctor, "and make the best of your way in the ship's cutter to the nearest port for assistance."

"That's wot I'm a-goin' to do," answered the Captain.

In a few minutes he was ready. The women said nothing, and the Novelist even looked nothing. The Doctor said,

"Have you got your compass-bearing from the nearest point on the mainland?"

The Captain's face was unpleasant, but the Bohemian Poet stepped forward and gripped his hand.

"Good luck to you, skipper," he said. "Don't worry about us. We'll manage to camp out here till the fog lifts. That won't be long. And it wasn't your fault, you know."

"Thank 'e," said the Captain. Then he bent his back to the oars, and faded away into the gray gloom so quickly that the Matinée Girl shut her eyes and wondered if she had ever seen him at all, or if he had gone to look for the idol of her soul—the lost conductor Sikish.

"What shall we do now?" said the Doctor; "it's only three o'clock, and the fog doesn't appear to be lifting yet."

The Spinster and the two maidens looked inquiringly at the Chaperon, but she had turned her back, and was pretending to be asleep.

"We might play whist," said the Novelist, vivaciously, "but there are too many of us, and we haven't any cards."

"Let us sit," said the Spinster, "and engage in intellectual conversation."

"Good," said the Bohemian Poet, promptly dropping down beside the Æsthetic Girl;

> "For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

"Irreverent!" she hissed at him.

The Spinster looked about her. She saw yellow sand dyed brown by the weeping of the fog, and coarse marsh-grass, grown like an unkempt beard on the face of the earth.

"Nature is a great disappointment to me when I am close to her heart," she sighed.

"And yet," said the Novelist, "E. P. Roe—"

"Oh—h!" groaned the Matinée Girl, as she closed her eyes and distinctly saw Bauer conducting a Bach fugue with a triangle.

"I like Roe," said the Chaperon, unexpectedly; "he always puts me to sleep."

"Who is E. P. Roe?" asked the Architect, who had been planning a cathedral full of buttresses, mullions, rose-windows, and expensive pews in seven inches of damp clay.

"Who *was*, you mean," said the Novelist. "He was one of us. But, alas! he is no more."

"Listen," whispered the Poet to the Æsthetic Girl; "this is intellectual conversation."

She turned her back upon him and said: "Novels seldom count. Only poetry and painting are of value. There are the celestial visions of Auburn Barkley, which—"

"Oh, Lord!" muttered the Poet.

"—which," she continued, "are not of the earth earthy, as are some vulgar poems I have recently read."

"What's the matter with Kubling?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"No one knows," gravely answered the Novelist.

"The matter with him is that he's a genius," said the Poet. "His 'Ballad of North and South' is the finest thing of its kind that has been written in the present century. I wish I could write like that."

"You do?" said the Æsthetic Girl, with immeasurable contempt.

"I'm getting damp," said the Spinster, with another burst of realism.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Poet, springing to his feet, and making a fine figure with his broad shoulders and his knee-breeches. "I'm going to see if this precious island affords any shelter from this inquisitive fog."

"And I'll go with you," declared the Doctor.

The two strode away, and the Æsthetic Girl said,

"Humph!"

The intellectual conversation seemed to have forgotten itself, and there was a leaden silence, during which the Matinée Girl closed her eyes and tried to see visions of the soulful hands of Sikish calling the trombones to battle,

THERE WERE ENOUGH OIL-SKINS TO GO AROUND.

but could conjure up only Bauer and the bassoons. In a happily short time the explorers returned.

"Come, every one," said the Poet, cheerily; "we have found a thick clump of scrub-oaks under whose boughs is comparative dryness."

They arose and followed their guides to the spot described.

"I trust this is nearer to Nature's heart," said the Spinster; "at any rate, it is less chilling."

> "Thou shalt have a little bed
> Made for thee, and overspread
> With brown leaves for coverlet,
> Which the tearful dew has wet,"

quoted the Poet. "For 'dew' read 'fog.'"

"Why did we bring him?" murmured the Æsthetic Girl; and he heard her.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Doctor, as a gentle drumming on their leafy roof was heard.

"Rain!" exclaimed the Novelist. "I knew it the moment I heard it."

"'It rains on the umbrellas here,'" hummed the Poet, looking up at the tremulous boughs, "'and on the ships at sea.' Doctor, you and I must make another excursion. We must go to the yacht and get oil-skins for the party."

"Let me go too!" exclaimed the Novelist. "Why, we must get lots of things! Don't you remember Robinson Crusoe?"

The Novelist's face was ablaze with divine inspiration. He even led the way to the beach. But there the glory of his countenance faded, even as a rosy sunset turns to a cold gray dusk.

"Why," he said, "it's all wrong! Nothing at all has been washed ashore. I never did believe those romantic writers, anyhow."

"Well," said the Doctor, "we must build a raft and get off to the yacht. Can you see her?"

"Yes," said the Poet, who was taking off his shoes and stockings, "I think so. She seems to be heeled over."

"What are you going to do?"

"Wade out to her, of course. The tide has fallen a good four feet."

He entered the cool water and became an unquiet shadow in the fog.

"I'll follow him," said the Doctor; "you remain here. We shall need one hand ashore."

"Oh, holy smoke!" cried the Poet, "she's almost on her beam-ends. And she has a gaping hole in her. Come on, Doctor; we must save all we can before the tide returns, or she'll be half full of water."

With some small aid from the Novelist, they transferred to the shore, in an hour of honest labor, the much-needed oil-skins, the galley stove, a bucket full of plates, cups, knives and forks, some cooking-utensils, and a cheering store of provisions. The better part of another hour was consumed in conveying these things to the shelter of the clump of trees.

"Now then, ladies," said the Poet, holding up a long oil-skin coat, "there are enough of these to go around."

The Matinée Girl shuddered. They reminded her of Bauer. The Spinster compressed her lips, and pushed her arms into the sleeves of the coat desperately. She did not look pretty in "oilers." The Æsthetic Girl did, although the sou'wester was tied under her chin with ribbons of red flannel and the coat was four inches too short. But she would have looked pretty in any garb. The Poet was simply absurd. His oil-skin trousers were too short for him, and his high-heeled shoes and checkered stockings made him terminate below in an appearance of most incongruous femininity. When the Chaperon sat down, her coat collar rose up and concealed her face, causing her to be called blessed.

"Well," declared the Spinster, gazing around her grimly, "what next?"

"It is nearly half past six," remarked the Poet; "I should say dinner comes next."

There was a minute of agonizing silence.

"Who's going to cook it?" asked the Spinster.

"Well," said the Poet, "we suppose that some of the ladies—of course I'll make the fire."

"I eat but little," said the Spinster, "and I have never been in a kitchen."

The Poet looked at the Matinée Girl, but she closed her eyes and heard Mime singing,

> "Brau' ich den Trank für ihn:
> wenig Tropfen nur
> braucht er zu trinken,
> sinnlos sinkt er in Schlaf."

The Chaperon rumbled from her lair, "My dear sir, I hire cooks."

The Poet did not look at the Æsthetic Girl. He knew she could not cook. She knew he knew it, and she hated him.

"What shall we do?" piped the Novelist, faintly; "I'm *so* hungry."

"I shall have to do the cooking myself," said the Poet, amiably. "Only you must all be more generous than just in your criticisms."

"A poet cook!" exclaimed the Spinster. "How unideal!"

But the Bohemian Poet had made his acquaintance with Nature by sleeping in her arms and feeding out of her hand. He was an old camper-out, and he set to work in a businesslike manner which thoroughly convinced the Æsthetic Girl that, although he could not by any possibility be accepted by Rossetti and Beatrice Harriden as a literary light, he might turn out to be a convenient kind of man. In a very few minutes he had a bright fire dancing in the galley stove, and a kettle of hot water singing a valiant trencher song. As he busied himself in opening a can of tomato soup, he half unconsciously declaimed:

> "Spirit of Nature! Here!
> In this interminable wilderness
> Of worlds, at whose immensity
> Even soaring fancy staggers,
> Here is thy fitting temple."

"Outrageous!" exclaimed the Æsthetic Girl.

"Sir," said the Spinster, "you quote most inappropriately."

"Madam," he replied, "it is but a few short hours ago, before the fog set in, when the sea was blue and the sun full, that you quoted to me this passage from Humboldt's *Cosmos*: 'Nature is a free domain, and the profound conceptions and enjoyments she awakens within us can only be vividly delineated by thought clothed with exalted forms of speech, worthy of bearing witness to the majesty and greatness of creation.'"

"But," said the Spinster, "that is not fair. I had not then been forced to meet Nature in such a disagreeable mood."

"If one truly loves," said the Poet, pausing in his work and looking straight at the Æsthetic Girl, "the beloved is beautiful in all moods."

"Stuff!" mumbled the Chaperon, who, after all, was not dead, nor even sleeping.

The dinner was not what any of them, except the Poet, was accustomed to; yet they fell to with some appetite. They were a motley group in their oil-skins, huddling around the galley stove and eating with their plates in their laps, and the rain falling alike upon the just and the unjust.

"I never dreamed that I should come to potato salad," said the Chaperon, for once touched to the quick.

"Madam," said the Poet, "God made the potato, and man made the mayonnaise."

"Close your eyes and swallow it quickly," said the Doctor, in professional tones.

In truth, only two of the party enjoyed the meal, the Poet and the Æsthetic Girl—the former because he had often eaten worse, and the latter because she was truly hungry. However, the dinner came to an end, and then they all sat in solemn and bedraggled silence and watched the Poet wash the dishes.

"There!" he said, when his task was completed, "that's done. How's the weather?"

He strode out from under the clump of trees, and presently returned, shaking his head.

"I fear we shall have to remain here all night," he said.

"Why doesn't the Captain come after us?" asked the Novelist; "we ought to be rescued now."

"I doubt that the good skipper has yet found the land in such a fog," said the Poet. Then turning to the Architect, he startled that gentleman by saying, "You must devise a better shelter than this for the ladies."

"First I will select a site," said the Architect, gravely, preparing to go forth.

"I think we'd better use this site," said the Poet.

"But, really, my dear sir, you must permit me to know my own art. I cannot erect an edifice under these scrub-oaks." The Architect looked about him to note the effect of his words. Then he continued, "Moreover, I fear that we must cut down these trees to get timber for our building."

"How long will it take us to put up this building?" asked the Poet.

"I think it can be done in three days," replied the Architect.

"But we shall be gone from the island in less time than that," said the Poet. "We need the shelter to-night."

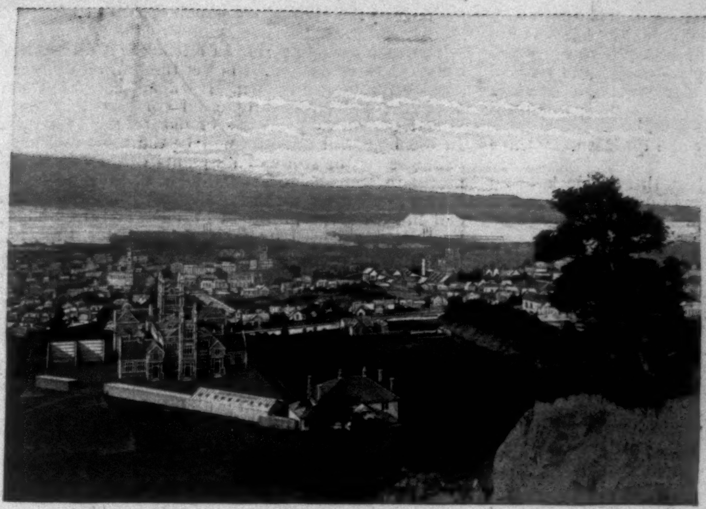
"I cannot do the impossible," said the Architect, stiffly, "and I will not sin against my art."

"Well, you won't mind if I do?"

"Not at all."

"Come, Doctor," said the Poet, "I shall need your help." The two men strode away, and presently reappeared, dragging a great piece of canvas and some ropes.

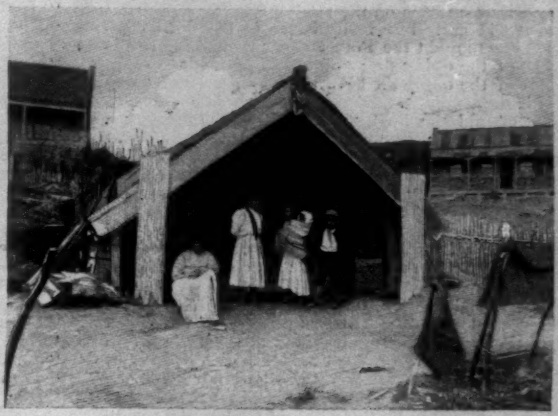
"This is the yacht's balloon-jib tops'l," said the Doctor, rolling the nautical terms in his mouth like delicious



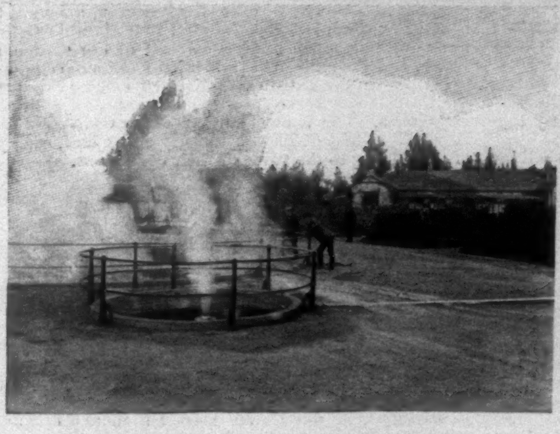
DUNEDIN, FROM ROSLYN HEIGHTS—HIGH-SCHOOL IN FOREGROUND.

NORTH ISLAND, LAKE TARAWERA—SCENE OF THE GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF 1886.

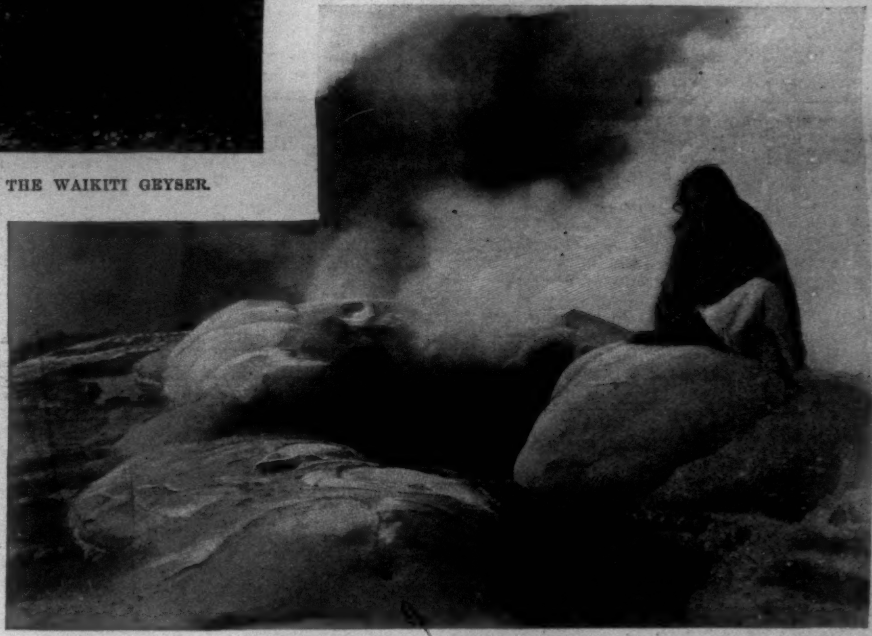
THE GEYSERS OF WHAKAREWAREWA, ON THE CRATER OF THE WAIKITI GEYSER.



A MAORI HOUSE AT WHAKAREWAREWA, NORTH ISLAND.



NORTH ISLAND—THE GOVERNMENT'S HOT-SPRING SANITARIUM AT ROTORNA.



"BELLA," A NATIVE (MAORI) GUIDE, ON THE CRATER OF THE WAIKITI.

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

DUNEDIN—CABLE TRAMWAY AT THE TOP OF THE STEEPEST INCLINE
Grade, One Mile in Three and a Half Miles.

SCENES IN NEW ZEALAND.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 720.]

morsels, "and the Poet thinks that we can make a serviceable tent of it."

"I shall have to ask one of you to climb a tree," said the Poet to the Novelist and the Architect.

The Novelist, being the lighter, was selected for the task. As he sat astride a low limb, with his spectacles gleaming beneath the rim of his sou'wester, he said, earnestly:

"I wish you would all wait a minute. It has just occurred to me that this scene might be introduced in my next novel, and I should like to make some notes."

They all waited patiently while he unearthed paper and pencil from under his oil-skins and wrote hastily.

"Thanks very much," he said, complacently, as he put the articles back. "I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to read the notes, because the rain spoils them."

And now, by dint of much pulling and expostulating, the sail was passed over the limb, and the Novelist was permitted to come down. The Poet staked out the corners of the canvas and made a tolerable tent. Next he and the Doctor returned to the yacht and brought away all the cushions and rugs, and with these they constructed rude couches for the women, who watched the entire operation with discouraging countenances and rebellious spirits—except the Æsthetic Girl. She told herself over and over again that she ought to be thoroughly disgusted; that she ought to despise the utterly materialistic Bohemian Poet, who made bad potato-salad and wretched beds, and wrote verses of a wholly post-Raphaelite tendency; and that she ought to wish she was at home in her own chamber, with incense burning on the mantel and a Burne-Jones Madonna looking from the east wall at an Auburn Barkley willow-maiden on the west one.

But she did not. She really began to feel quite comfortable; she thought the Poet rather fine-looking in the dim glow of the dying fire; and she began to fancy that the smell of the damp air blown through the leaves was not half bad.

"Ladies," said the Poet, "I wish I could offer you a better boudoir, but believe me when I say that one may do worse than to lie upon the breast of old Mother Earth."

"I am sorry that I do not agree with you," replied the Spinster, very stiffly; "I suspect that the old Mother will give me rheumatism."

With that she strode majestically into the tent, followed by the Matinée Girl, who closed her eyes, shuddered, and tried to think of the slumber motive from *Die Walküre*, but could hear only Abt's "Schlaf' Wohl." The Chaperon was already asleep, but the Æsthetic Girl gently aroused her, led her to the tent, and pushed her in. Then the girl turned and took one last look at the little group of men. As her glance fell successively on the Doctor, the Novelist, and the Architect, she shook her head like one troubled by grave doubts. But when her eyes met the earnest orbs of the Poet she bowed gently, and passed into the tent. The Poet seemed to be lost in a reverie for a minute. Then he smiled, shook himself, filled his pipe afresh, and seated himself beside the galley stove.

"I don't suppose we need trouble ourselves much about the watches," he said. "No harm can come to our little camp. So, gentlemen, if you are inclined to sleep, I see no reason why you shouldn't sail into the Land of Nod at once under a full press of canvas."

The Doctor looked reproachfully at the Poet, who had unintentionally appropriated to himself some of the Doctor's favorite nautical language.

"I think," said the Novelist, "that I shall endeavor to sleep in a sitting posture. I think the rain will run off better."

He spread a rug at the foot of a tree, and sat leaning against the stout brown trunk, a picture of yellow endurance. The Doctor and the Architect bestowed themselves in sinuous attitudes of discomfort, and a comforting silence settled over the little group of castaways. The Poet puffed slowly and thoughtfully at his pipe, and when its fire had burnt down into the tobaccoless depths of the bowl, he lay upon his side with his head resting upon his hand, gazed at the undulating crimson among the coals in the galley stove, and wondered. Presently a new wind softly touched his cheek, and looking up through a narrow opening in the leaves, he saw a single star. Noiselessly he arose to his feet, stretched his arms, and then strode softly out beyond the cluster of trees.

"Heaven bless the west wind!" he said, and made his way toward the singing sea.

Some indefinite time later the Æsthetic Girl suddenly sat bolt-upright and listened. What had aroused her she did not know, but she was all at once wide awake and alert. For several moments she wondered what it was that she listened for; then the thought flashed into her head that "it" was the men. She crept to the opening of the tent and looked out. The Novelist still leaned against the tree, while the Doctor and the Architect lay in postures of men stricken in battle. These sights did not please the girl. Again she listened. The wind murmured in the crannies of the grass, and the crickets and tree-frogs sang merrily in secret places. Up above the tree-tops the small round moon floated radiant among the filmy clouds, and out of deep blue rifts the stars glimmered and glowed in luminous peace. The Æsthetic Girl arose, left the tent, and stood a willowy silhouette against the dying red of the galley stove—a picture more ghostly than those of Auburn Barkley, whom she ignorantly worshipped. She was touched with new emotions. She had, like others of her kind, often gone into the garden when the "black bat, night," was flown, and the flutes and bassoons proclaimed the harsh reign of society. But to be alone under the stars, without a house at hand, face to face with Nature in her own domain, this was new and thrilling. She walked restlessly away from her insensible companions, and drifted across the land toward the water. And there she came upon the Poet, lying flat on the breadth of his breast, with his elbows well planted, his chin in his hands, and the perennial pipe of fragrant tobacco in his mouth. Before him on the damp ground lay a pad of white paper, and upon it a pencil. Ever and anon he pulled at the pipe, till it threw a dull crimson on the paper, when he took up the pencil and made marks.

"What can he be doing?" thought the girl. But she wisely forbore to disturb him. Presently he laid his head low upon his folded arms, and seemed to be breathing fast and hard.

"He must be sick," thought the girl, taking a step forward. But he raised his head again, made more marks, put the pad in his pocket, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and put a fresh priming of tobacco into it. Then he sat up, struck a match, enfolded the flame in the hollows of his ample hands, and puffed new fragrance upon the air. As he threw away the match, he saw the girl. He blew a long whiff of blue smoke, looked her over critically, and said,

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"No," she replied, startled by the question. "Have you?"

"Yes," he answered; "it is just three o'clock of an August morning, and an utterly improper time for a young woman to be meandering alone."

"But I am not alone," she said: "you are here."

"I don't see that that improves the situation," he said, dryly.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with momentary confusion, "the Chaperon is within a stone's-throw! I know she's asleep, but she always is."

"If you are satisfied, I am grateful."

"What were you putting on that pad?"

"Ah," he said, "fatal curiosity of the eternal woman!"

"But what was it?"

"By your gracious leave, lady, some poor verses."

"A poem?"

"Perhaps."

"But I thought your poems always smelt of the pipe and the bowl and bohemia."

"The pipe I have always with me," he responded; "and as for bohemia, wherever I am, that is."

"You are so different from my idea of a poet."

"Praise God!"

"Now you are rude."

"Not at all. You have no business to think of poets as you do. Did you ever know one before?"

"No," she confessed; "but I have always felt that I knew them through their work—and the artists too. I cannot fancy Auburn Barkley in knee-breeches smoking a brier-wood pipe. Nor could I possibly think of Dante Gabriel Rossetti cooking."

"Nor I," said the Poet. "But I can fancy Will Shakespeare hunting deer, and Percy Shelley handling a main-sheet in a breeze of wind, and Byron a sword upon the plains of Greece, and Bobbie Burns following the crooked handles of his plough, and Publius Vergilius Maro standing ankle-deep among the fodder of his own oxen, and David, the son of Jesse, living a ruler of men. For all these were, and so they did."

"What is your poem about?"

"I dare not tell."

"Dare not tell? But surely you will publish it."

"Surely I will not."

"Then why did you write it?"

"I didn't; it wrote me."

"I really don't know what you mean. Let me read it."

"No; at least not now."

"You are not at all nice."

"I never was, I never shall be, nice. It is time for you to go back to bed. Look yonder in the east. Do you see that pale flame in the sky? That is the beginning of the dawn. Come, you must return to the tent."

Without another word she turned and left him, but she carried a new unrest in her heart and a new sight in her eyes.

An hour later the Poet blew a merry blast upon the fog-horn and cried: "Ho, sleepers! Awake! Turn out there, Doctor, and stow your hammock!"

The Novelist toppled over, and his head struck the earth with a thud. He sprang to his feet dazed, and presently realized that he was the centre of a laughing group. Even the Chaperon smiled.

"News, good friends!" said the Poet. "Write the last chapter, Mr. Novelist. Our rescue is at hand. Come hither."

He led them out into the open and pointed toward the mainland, now boldly visible in the flood of morning sunshine. Four or five miles away they saw a homely tug steaming directly toward the island.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Spinster. "I shall be glad to get back to civilization. Hereafter I shall be satisfied to view Nature from the window of a parlor-car."

"'Spirit of nature! Here!'" began the Poet, but she waved him aside disdainfully. All the rest of the party, save the Æsthetic Girl, surrounded her and said unkind words about poets in general. The girl said nothing, but walked down toward the sea. In her hand she carried a book. She gazed at the volume a moment, with disdain in her glorious eyes. Then she hurled it far out into the waves.

"What book was that?"

The Poet stood beside her.

"That was 'The Purple Book' of Auburn Barkley," she answered.

He drew some sheets of paper from his pocket.

"You may read last night's verses now," he said.

"To— Why, it's my name!" she exclaimed.

While she read he kept silence, and with hungry face watched the moisture spring to her eyes and the color to her cheeks, while her bosom rose and fell with increasing rhythm. When she had read to the last line, her head drooped and her form trembled.

"Well?" he asked, in a tense tone.

She lifted her eyes, and for one instant let their new radiance dazzle him.

"Oh yes!" she said; "forever and forever."

NEW YORK'S NEW BOTANICAL GARDEN.

New York city, after many vexatious delays, is now ready to apply for membership in the distinguished botanical garden society of the world. The plans for its buildings (given on our double page) have been approved by the Board of Park Commissioners, and work may soon begin. The spot selected for this purpose covers a tract of 250 acres in the new Bronx Park, lying about two and a half miles east of the Harlem River.

The two main buildings of the Botanical Society, if the plans stand, will occupy elevated meadow-land on the park's western border, and these, with their decorative approaches, will require but 25 acres of the allotted tract. A superb hemlock grove of 65 acres, it is hoped, will be preserved intact; 30 acres will be devoted to pines and other coniferous trees; 70 acres to deciduous forest, embracing 275 species; 15 acres to shrubs and small trees; 8 acres to herbaceous grounds for plants; while the remainder of the allotted space will consist of bog gardens, lakes, ponds, meadow-land, vines, rockeries, etc.

The new garden, so far as science and money can accomplish these results, is to meet the four requirements of a modern botanical garden. It will be economic, æsthetic, scientific, and philanthropic, all combined. Time, that vital factor in all processes of nature, must do the rest. In the botanical museum will be the most elaborate advantages for the study of all plants directly or indirectly useful to man. The ground-floor, devoted to economic botany, will display the commercial products of plants, and illustrate the processes of manufacture. This will include plants used in foods, drugs, fibres, timbers, and those yielding oils, gums, starch, sugar, beverages, dyes, etc. The second floor will be set apart for a general botanical museum in five divisions, the first taking plant life in review from its simplest forms to the most complex, illustrated by specimens, fruits, barks, leaves, photographs, and plates; the second, a physiological department, illustrating plant life in its processes, consisting mainly of models and specimens; the third, a branch showing by selected specimens the appearance of the various plant groups on the earth in point of time; the fourth, devoted to flora of the neighborhood around New York, in which herbarium specimens will be mounted systematically in swinging frames, after the manner adopted at the South Kensington Museum in England; while the fifth will be for such special collections as may be decided upon from time to time. Other features of the museum will be lecture-rooms, and laboratories for practical work and instruction in botany. An agreement has been made with Columbia University whereby the university's herbarium and extensive botanical library will be placed in the new garden, and the university research work in botany will be carried on in the museum. The building will have a front of 304 feet, two equal lateral wings 200 feet long and 50 feet deep, the material being brick with stone columns throughout, with central projections front and rear.

On a commanding plateau, its central entrance about 300 yards from the main entrance of the museum, will stand the horticultural or glass house. The central section will rise in a dome 80 feet high, ten feet lower than the highest botanical palm-house in Europe—that of the Royal Gardens at Berlin. Two wings are to run around a rectilinear area, the whole building to cover one-third the space of the present glass houses at the great English gardens of Kew, and be 500 feet long by 250 feet in the wings. A second glass house, of still greater dimensions, is provided for a later day in the plans. Minor buildings are arranged for, including a power-house, gardeners' houses, and the propagating nurseries along the eastern border of the park.

New York city's pioneer attempt at a botanical garden was made in 1801, by Dr. David Hosack, then Professor of Botany in Columbia College. In a twenty-acre tract, which he called the Elgin Botanic Garden, he made a valuable collection, which was subsequently granted to Columbia College by legislative act, and named the Botanic Garden of the State of New York. But it died for lack of funds, and no further efforts were made in this direction till the Torrey Botanical Club, in 1891, nearly a century later, drew up articles of incorporation for a New York botanical garden, which became a law in 1896. Public spirit was promptly shown in liberal contributions; the necessary $250,000 was raised, with a handsome margin, and the enterprise is now afloat under sunny financial skies. The present officers of the society are Cornelius Vanderbilt, president; Andrew Carnegie, vice-president; J. Pierpont Morgan, treasurer; and Professor U. L. Britton, secretary. The last-mentioned gentleman, a botanist of high reputation, long on the staff of Columbia College, has now been made director-in-chief of the garden, and will devote his entire time and talents to its development.

It must, in the nature of things, be many years before the New York embryo can hope for prominence in botanical circles. The famous gardens of the Old World range in age from fifty years to a century and a half, each year of life adding to the value of their collections.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *June 27, 1897.*

The American who visits Berlin in 1897, after an interval of two years, must be struck by great political changes. There is dissatisfaction in almost every class excepting perhaps that of policemen. Property-owners join with socialists and tramps in freely discussing "revolution" as an alternative not very much to be dreaded. Of course they do not mean a revolution that chops off heads and turns society upside down—merely a change of government such as we understand it when one President retires and his successor take his office.

Yesterday, at the close of the Reichstag, all parties joined in voting more than ten million dollars merely for artillery improvements, and without a debate. This shows that no parliament is more patriotic than that of Germany when imperial defence is concerned. But these patriots find that in spite of all their loyalty and generous giving they are denied all share in the government of their country—that their parliament is merely a sham, their ministers merely government clerks, and their Chancellor a piece of putty in the hands of the Emperor.

For instance, the German Constitution provides for a prime minister who must countersign the Emperor's official statements. Bismarck made that clause for the benefit of himself as first Prime Minister of the Empire. He carefully inserted his prerogative of countersigning his master's acts, but made no provision for retiring from office excepting by violent ejectment—not through act of parliament, but imperial order.

Since that Constitution commenced to live, in 1871, Bismarck has been summarily expelled, and so has Caprivi, who succeeded him. In neither case was parliament consulted; in neither case was the public told the reason of dismissal.

Does any one recall the famous message sent by William II. to Paul Kruger on January 3, 1896? It had more political effect than any act of the German government since the Franco-German war. It converted England from friendship to hatred; it injured the trade relation of Germany with every English port, and it stirred up in South Africa race hatred, bad enough before, but infinitely worse when one set of Boers imagined they would have

Germany as an ally in a possible war with England. This telegram of the German Emperor had no countersign by his chancellor. It is so remarkable a document that it deserves a place here in the original, though German official publications ignore it. The Transvaal government gave me this version in the German. I hope it is wrong:

Wilhelm II., Berlin, to President Kruger, Pretoria:

Ich spreche Ihnen meinen aufrichtigen Glückwunsch aus, dass es Ihnen, ohne an die Hülfe befreundeter Mächte zu appelliren, mit Ihrem Volke gelungen ist, in eigener Thatkraft gegenüber den bewaffneten Schaaren, welche als Friedensstörer in Ihr Land eingebrochen sind, den Frieden wieder herzustellen und die Unabhängigkeit des Landes gegen Angriffe von Aussen zu währen. WILHELM, I. R. (Imperator Rex).

The free translation of this into ordinary United States vernacular would be about this wise: "You have my hearty congratulation for having, by the aid of your own people, established peace once more, and protected the independence of your country against attacks from abroad [England] without the assistance of friendly powers [that is to say, Germany] in the face of the armed bands who invaded your land."

If Prime-Minister Hohenlohe disapproved of this despatch, he should have resigned; if he approved of it, then his master would be justified in dismissing him, for the effect of this cable was not good.

Serious Germans are troubled at the rudderless movements of their ship of state. Many things done and said by high officials lead sober people to suspect that their constitutional rights are at the mercy of administrative caprice.

This is one reason why the recent celebrations in Germany have lacked heartiness. Last year the occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sedan; this year it is the centennial birthday of the late Emperor William, who is now officially styled "The Great." The festivities were ordered on a grand scale, and what soldiers can do to make an occasion memorable was done. But simple citizens kept asking themselves pathetically: "Where do we come in? we paid for all this, we shed our blood, we supported our sovereign in his glorious career towards German unity and empire, and now that it is all done we are put aside as merely the people." It would have been wiser if the officials had made the centennial demonstrations less a glorification of the army and the war lord, and more a tribute to German citizenship. The consequence of all this is that in discussing Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the German Liberals contrast the hearty loyalty of the English freemen with the qualified patriotism of his own people in respect of the Emperor.

But are not those people to blame who hold office and have daily access to their sovereign? If they all bow the knee, no matter what their lord may say, then no wonder that William II. is taking steps that lead to disaster. What Germany needs just now is a chancellor who is not afraid to speak the truth—and resign. The Emperor lives only for the good of his people, and of course he feels that the security of his throne is the same as the safety of the state. The difficulty arises when he happens to differ with his people on ways and means. An Emperor is apt to think that people who disagree with him are unpatriotic, and he therefore needs at his elbow men who know the people well, and who can advise him as to the real needs of a complicated social body. With the best of advice the task of governing is not easy, but with the advice of men whose character has no independence, the work of a sovereign is hard indeed. These men flatter where they should protest; they deceive their master where he most needs the truth. Bismarck once remarked in one of his bits of bombastic bunkum, "We Germans fear God and nothing else!" Those who have seen German officials in relation to their superiors think this funny.

This that I refer to here may all pass away, like the race hatred in the Transvaal, but there are at present forces at work in Germany which promise a conflict between government by soldiers and government by law. The Germany of 1897 is a different thing from the Prussia of 1797, and the people know it. The question now uppermost in German minds is whether their imperial master prefers to rule according to the Prussia of 1797 or the principles of his wise grandmother. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER."

A NAVAL maxim widely accepted abroad asserts that torpedo-boats are the weapons of the weaker sea powers, and, when geographical considerations do not decide, that maritime nations strong in ships need of such auxiliary types only those larger constructions which now are known as *catchers* or *destroyers*. For many years we put by this question. Indeed, until 1896, it seemed as if, in a fatuous disregard of outside experiences and necessities, we intended to go our own wilful way; for, should the successful *Cushing* and the unfortunate *Ericsson* be excluded, we had not put afloat any modern torpedo-boat. And yet if the maxim—which I am willing to confess is a peace one—had a value, we should have been among the first to accept it, for in the maritime sense we are surely a weak naval power, and in geographical environment we may claim, by the extent and configuration of our coasts, by the number and peculiarities of our ports, and by the wide stretch of our continuous inland waterways, an ideal field for torpedo employment.

While we have been laggards in this competition, foreign nations have developed the types valorously, lavishly; indeed, among some it has been a mad runaway for supremacy, notably in speed. France, Russia, and Germany to a great degree, Spain and Italy to a less, have been hot-footed in this struggle, and through ceaseless experiment have achieved flotillas which are not neglectable quantities in the arguments of the experts who deny any reason for the existence of the type. England, with a large number of boats, has been prudent, only reasonably keen; for, as of old, she looks for her safeguard to battle-ships—to those floating bulwarks of the line which will meet the foe not at the threshold of her homes, but on the high-seas and at the entrance of his challenging harbors. Hence at the very moment the marvellous Jubilee fleet, just disbanded, was seeking its rendezvous off Spithead, an authoritative statement that torpedo-vessels and not battle-ships were her real defence so jarred British self-satisfaction that wiseacres were not wanting who called the security gained by so much self-denial, energy, and intelligence a broken reed. It was an odd season to proclaim this propaganda, but in early June Admiral Colomb declared, in a lecture before the United Service Institution, that England was ignorantly worshipping, not an unknown, but a false war-god, and that the latest naval programme showed the supremacy of the torpedo.

This of course is a very strong claim, and the gallant admiral may have been misrepresented, but it sounds naval enough in its strenuous sincerity. At any rate, other approved opinion moves less briskly and surely, and the truth seems to be that though torpedo-boats may play an important rôle in the next drama of naval action, yet their parts, their lines, will be specialized and subordinate to those of the gun—to that dominating (star) sea weapon mounted in a battle-ship. Of course, in the absence of principles fixed by battle, opinions are tentative. The Chinese war was not rich in satisfactory answers except as to battle-ships, though torpedo-promoters found some comfort in these isolated instances. "At 2 A. M. of February 5 ten torpedo-boats left their anchorage under Three-peaked Point and tried to force the entrance to Wei-hai-wei. Eight succeeded in entering the harbor, and attacked the Chinese fleet, discharging eleven torpedoes, of which one, fired by No. 9, struck the *Ting-yuen*. No. 9 received a shot through her boilers, and was temporarily abandoned. No. 22 ran aground in leaving the harbor, and was lost, but the other boats returned safely. The *Ting-yuen*, after being torpedoed, was run into shoal water, where she sank." "February 6, four boats entered the harbor, and after sinking the *Lai-yuen*, *Wei-yuen*, and the tender *Paufat*, returned safely."

These results taught a lesson, and as torpedo-boats are comparatively inexpensive structures, experts agreed that any maritime nation neglecting such cheap additions to its insurance was accepting a dangerous risk. Our officials took heart of grace, and, at last, Congress was induced to order the construction of fifteen torpedo-boats and one destroyer. These boats vary much in size, speed, and power, and to a definite degree are experiments. The smaller ones—one hundred feet in length and twenty knots in speed—are limited in size by considerations of employment in inland waterways, and of transportation by rail to points where an enemy's attack may threaten. The speed expected in the different type varies from twenty to thirty knots, and the armament from two 14-inch short tubes and two one-pounder rapid-fire guns to three 18-inch long tubes and four 6-pounders. Their lengths vary from 100 to 175 feet, their tonnage from 47 to 182, and the expected indicated horse-power from 850 to 4200—this last in Nos. 9 and 10, the thirty-knot boats under contract at Bath, Maine.

Two of the flotilla are afloat—the *Foote*, undergoing a preliminary trial, and the *Porter* (formerly the *Farragut*), commissioned for active service. This boat, first known as No. 6, was built at Bristol, by the Herreshoffs, and as designed by Commander Converse, United States Navy, to whom also are due the plans of the eminently successful *Cushing*; she is 175 feet in length, 17½ feet in beam, 180 tons in displacement, and with 4000 indicated horse-power was expected to make 27.5 knots. Her armament consists of four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and three short 18-inch tubes. The launching-carriages for the torpedoes are carried on the upper deck—one on each side écheloned and one aft, the forward carriages being pivoted, so as to give a direct bow and stern discharge. The effective range of the torpedo is about four hundred yards, though good luck must be wedded to great skill to give at this distance a fair percentage of hits. The torpedoes are discharged from the tubes by a small charge of powder, this method having almost completely supplanted the old expulsions by steam and compressed air. When the torpedo is ejected it dives and immediately begins to move forward by its own power, travelling within its fighting limits at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. It preserves a constant level by the agencies of fins and rudders, and will travel normally at the depth to which it has been set. When employed in practice it is fitted to come to the surface at the end of the run. Before final acceptance of the *Porter* an acrid discussion arose as to her structural qualities—as to the design even—but her final tests whistled these futile objections down the wind. She carries three line-officers—the engineer force being under their direct management—and she is manned by a small crew.

In the speed trial of February 10, near Newport, the average for five runs, over a tidal course of twelve miles, was 28.74 knots. June 10 she started from her wharf in the East River, and going eastward, rounded Long Island in twelve and a half hours, thus achieving an average rate of twenty knots in rough and smooth water. It is questionable if any other boat has been subjected to such a rigorous trial—not because of the sea-work, for many boats abroad have made long voyages (from England, for example, to the Argentines), but because of the duration of the test, the speed achieved at times, and her condition at the finish. Of course twenty knots is not a great average speed, but excessive speed was not sought, as the steam-pressure was limited to 200 pounds, instead of being carried at the 225 pounds which her boilers permit. During one part of the course, from Stratford Shoal to abreast of Faulkners Island Light, she made thirty knots, thus repeating her achievement in the Potomac River in February. Her fighting and manœuvring tests were equally successful. The torpedoes were fired with celerity and accuracy. With both engines going ahead fast—the boat making seventeen knots and her helm hard over—she turned in a circle about 1000 feet in diameter; and at the same speed, when her engines were backed suddenly, she came to a dead stop and then started astern in about one-half her length. When this manœuvre was reversed, and from full speed astern full speed ahead was sought, she stopped and gathered headway in less than one-quarter of her length.

These achievements of the first torpedo-boat put afloat under the new building programme are very creditable, and if the others equal these performances Congress may be induced to give us the normal auxiliary flotilla—that is, two torpedo constructions to every vessel of any other important type in the fleet.

LIEUT.-COM. J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U.S.N.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE history of mine discoveries in the West is full of strange and amusing incidents. Many of the most celebrated mines or ledges have been found by accident. Some of these accidental discoveries are laughable in the extreme. One of them occurred in connection with the discovery of one of the richest mines in the Cœur d'Aléne country in Idaho. In this case a common donkey, or jackass, or "burro," as one chooses to term it, was credited with the finding of the mine.

The Northern Pacific Railway's finely illustrated tourist book, **Wonderland '97,** has a chapter on mining in the West, in which the incident alluded to is given. It shows how, from slight or trivial things, great results may flow. There are also articles on **Yellowstone Park, Alaska, Cattle Raising,** etc. By sending Six Cents in postage stamps to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., any one can obtain a copy of this book. It is full of historical fact and descriptive narrative, and valuable as a school text-book.

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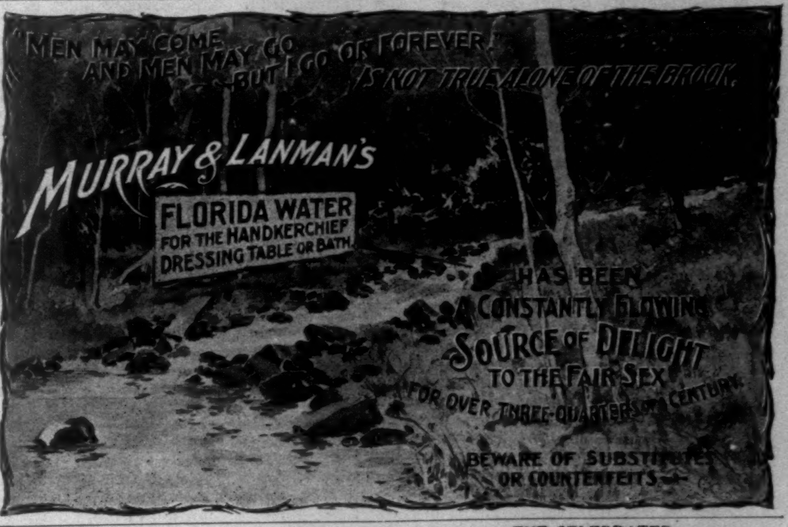

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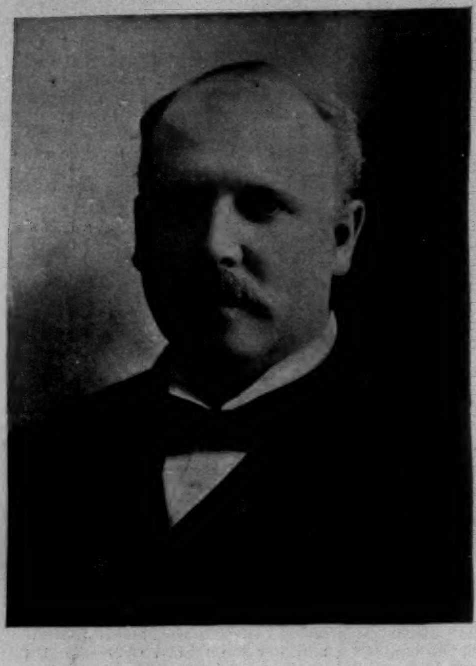


COLLECTOR GEORGE R. BIDWELL.

The nomination and confirmation of George R. Bidwell to be Collector of the Port of New York places that important office under the charge of a practical business man of New York city. Mr. Bidwell has never held public office before, and is only thirty-eight years old. Not until 1894 did he become prominent in political life in the metropolis. In that year he became secretary of the New York Republican County Committee. He served for two years, and declined a re-election owing to pressure of private business interests. He took charge of the affairs of the Republicans in the Nineteenth Assembly District in 1896, and the usual Republican majority of 800 was increased to 4200.

Mr. Bidwell has been in the bicycle trade ever since he began business life. He was born in Buffalo, and left there in 1879 as a travelling salesman in the new bicycle industry. He settled in New York city in 1881, and began business on his own account in 1884. He has been in the retail, jobbing, and manufacturing grades of the bicycle business, and at present is secretary and treasurer of the Spalding-Bidwell Company in New York.

Mr. Bidwell became one of the charter members of the League of American Wheelmen when it was formed in 1880, and has held many places of trust in that organization. He was a factor in securing the adoption of the Good Roads policy of the league. When he was Chief Consul of the New York State division of the league he secured the enactment of legislation giving the bicycle the legal status of a vehicle. He also assisted in the passage of the Armstrong Bicycle Baggage law in New York State.

Mr. Bidwell is a member of many political and social clubs, and it was because of his well-known abilities as a successful business man, and because of his agreeable personal qualities, that the leaders of the Republican organization in New York paid him the compliment of selecting his name for submission to the President for the office of Collector of the Port of New York.

NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand, the youngest of all the considerable colonies of Britain, is in some respects the most interesting of them all. It consists of two large and one smaller island, and forms, with the exception of New Guinea and Madagascar, the largest truly insular body of land lying entirely south of the equator. The area of the colony is somewhat larger than that of Great Britain, and somewhat less than that of the British Islands, and many real, together with some rather fanciful, points of resemblance have led to the colony receiving the name of the Britain of the south.

The islands first became known to Europeans, and, so far as is known, to any civilized people, by their discovery in the year 1642 by the Dutch navigator Tasman, from whom they received their name. The original discoverer, however, made no serious attempt to examine the land he had found, but, after sailing a short distance down its western coast, sailed away, never to return; nor was it until another period of nearly a hundred and thirty years had elapsed that any European vessel again sighted its shores. It was in 1770 that Captain Cook may be said to have made the second discovery of New Zealand, and, with characteristic patience and thoroughness, circumnavigated and charted the whole of its coast-line with a correctness and detail which left very little for any one else to accomplish down to the present time.

The settlement of Australia, seventeen years later, formed the beginning of an informal connection between the convict colony and the savage islands to the south-east, the coast of which abounded in seals, while the surrounding ocean formed the best whale-fishing ground in the southern ocean. It was soon found that the Maoris, or native inhabitants, were an intelligent and by no means unfriendly race, with whom trade could be established, and who possessed in their native flax, gum, and timber valuable articles of commerce. In the year 1812 the first Christian missionaries were sent to New Zealand by the exertions of Mr. Marsden, the Church of England chaplain to the convict settlement at Port Jackson, and from that time forward the connection between the two countries became more intimate. Unfortunately not only missionaries, but also a very different class of white residents, gradually drifted to the new land. Both emancipated and runaway convicts found their way there, and under the general name of "Pakeha-Maoris," or "white-man Maoris," established an influence over the natives which was almost wholly for evil. The persistent representations of the missionaries, as well as the projected operations of a private corporation known as "The New Zealand Company," at last induced the British government, in the year 1842, to proclaim its sovereignty over the islands. This result was hastened by information it had received that the French government was on the eve of doing so; and, indeed, it turned out that had the proclamation been delayed only two months more, the French flag would have been hoisted by an expedition sent out by the government of Louis Philippe for the purpose.

The proclamation of British sovereignty was preceded by the signing of a formal treaty—known as the Treaty of Waitangi, the name of the place where it was executed—by which Great Britain undertook, in consideration of the cession of all rights of sovereignty by the chiefs and Maori people, to guarantee them the undisturbed possession of their lands, freedom, and ancient rights. This was the origin of British sovereignty in New Zealand, and this, more than any other cause, has led to the peculiar position of the colony as the only one in which the original native owners and the colonists stand on an entirely equal footing. The treaty has been scrupulously observed, and, except in the single case of the Waikato tribes engaged in the war of 1863, not a single acre of Maori land has been acquired otherwise than by purchase, either by or on behalf of the colonists.

The colonization of the islands of New Zealand dates from the end of the year 1842, and in spite of the fact that the government possessed no territory in the country on which they might settle, few communities can point to a record of such substantial progress. This is the more remarkable owing to the fact that the country has been devastated by two native wars, each of which retarded settlement for years, besides loading the young community with a war debt, heavy indeed in proportion to its population. Since the war of 1863 was finally put an end to, in 1868, there has been no trouble of an organized character with the Maoris, who may now be regarded in the light of peaceable and often valuable citizens, with full representation in the colonial representative House of Parliament, and with several of their principal chiefs sitting in the Council, or Senate, of the colony. The European population of New Zealand numbers fully 750,000, while, according to the last census, there were nearly 45,000 natives, inclusive of nearly 3000 half-castes. Unlike Australia, the country is rather fitted for agricultural than pastoral pursuits, and this, in connection with the circumstances of the tenure of the lands of the country, especially in the northern island, in which nearly all the natives live, has led to the colony becoming a kind of paradise of small holdings. The results have so far been, on the whole, remarkably successful, and New Zealand may be looked upon as one of the most progressive of countries, and of all the Australasian colonies that in which the wealth is most equally divided among all classes. Its exports are of an annual value of about seventy dollars per head of the inhabitants, and its imports of about fifty dollars, the former consisting mainly of wool, gold, frozen mutton, and cereal products.

The southern and larger island is remarkable for the magnificent mountain range which skirts its western shore, rising to a height of more than 13,000 feet, and possessing lake and mountain scenery unsurpassed in any part of the world. On the eastern slope of this range the land falls to a low level, and these plains, occupying fully one-half the area of the island, are among the most fertile lands for agricultural purposes known in any country. There are no large cities in New Zealand—Dunedin, situated about a hundred miles from the southern end of the south island, being one of the largest two, and containing about 45,000 inhabitants.

Cook's Strait separates the northern from the southern island, forming a passage from fifteen to twenty miles wide. The northern island, although the smaller of the two, will probably support in the end considerably the larger part of the population, owing to the fact that no considerable area is occupied by mountains, or otherwise unfit for profitable settlement. At present, however, it contains only about two-fifths of the population, inclusive of nearly the whole of the Maoris, who live almost entirely in the central district of the island, the land of which is still for the most part owned by them. Much of this land, indeed, has been leased to European settlers, but the main centres of the colonial population are to be found at the northern and southern extremities, where the two chief towns, Auckland at the north and Wellington at the south end of the island, are situated.

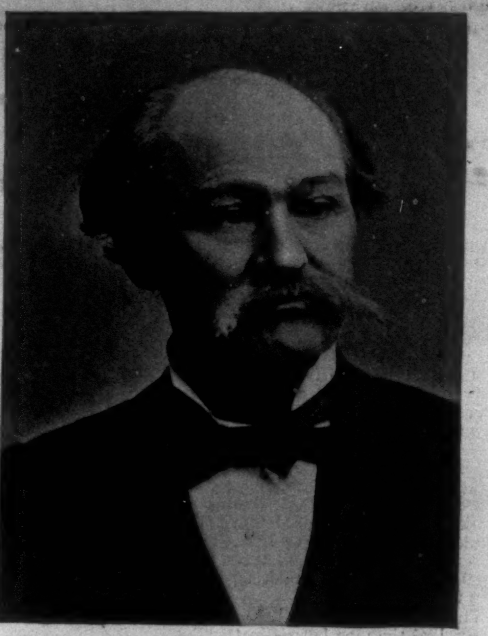
The central, or Maori, section of the island contains the strip of country which is the seat of the volcanic activity for which New Zealand is famous. The district—widely known as the wonder-land of New Zealand—is not more than seventy miles in width, and does not extend more than about two-thirds of the distance across the island at nearly its widest part. In this comparatively small space, however, there are collected an almost unprecedented variety of natural phenomena of the volcanic order, embracing almost every known species of curative spring, hot or cold, geysers of boiling water, jets of boiling steam, and pools of boiling mud. This volcanic belt extends from White Island, lying a few miles off the eastern coast, enveloped in its white cloud of sulphurous steam, as far inland as the giant cones of Tongariro and Ruapehu, the latter of which rises to a height of nearly 10,000 feet above the surrounding plain. Both of these cones are active, and have more or less violent spasms of eruption, chiefly of boiling water, at irregular intervals. Throughout the whole of the intervening district the volcanic energy is in a constant state of the most surprising activity, and the general effect is greatly heightened by the fact that it in no degree interferes with the luxurious growth of trees and ferns for which New Zealand is celebrated. Geysers and boiling pools of mud are met with in little valleys overshadowed by luxuriant growths of the greenest vegetation, and a thousand jets of boiling steam spring from the hearts of clumps of tree-ferns or little patches of the evergreen forest.

The natives, who inhabit the district in large numbers, may almost be said to live in the numerous steaming pools from their earliest infancy, and in recent years a large proportion of them make a comfortable livelihood by acting as guides, and in many instances as medical advisers, of the many hundreds of patients, who flock to the district in yearly increasing numbers from India, Australia, and even from Europe, in the hope of obtaining the cure of disorders—chiefly rheumatic—for every form of which the district seems to contain an appropriate specific. The natives themselves appear to be an exceptionally healthy race, and it is believed that they are the only part of the Maori people which continues to increase in numbers. They are a pleasing, intelligent, and friendly race, and it is an interesting fact that they are of a much lighter shade of color than any other section of the Maori people. Few more interesting racial problems exist than those that may at present be studied in this colony, where every effort is being made to preserve and elevate to a European standard a native race of remarkably fine natural qualities. How far the attempt will meet with success has yet to be proved, because, while the rapid decrease of the race has apparently been arrested, there is as yet no evidence of any increase in their numbers. Their progress in nearly all the arts of civilization, however, has been steady and gratifying, and there seems little reason to doubt that if the race itself can be preserved, its members will hereafter take no mean rank among the inhabitants of New Zealand.

One of the most delightful charms of these islands is to found in their climate, which is at once the most equable and delightful enjoyed by any country. Extending for a distance of nearly 800 miles nearly north and south, it might have been expected that there would have existed great diversities of climate between its different parts. This, however, is not the case. No part of New Zealand is subject to severe cold, and, except on the high lands of the South Island, snow rarely falls. The climate of Auckland is like that of southern Italy, of Wellington like that of the Riviera, while that of the South Island most nearly resembles that of Jersey, in the Channel Islands of Great Britain.

ISHAM G. HARRIS.

United States Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, who died in Washington on July 8, was one of the school of Southern political leaders, not only conspicuous before and during the civil war, but prominent in public life for years afterward. Mr. Harris outlived most of his colleagues of *ante bellum* days, but, like many of them, remained in high official station, through the force of peculiar ability, until death came. It was not known generally how old Mr. Harris was, although he was supposed to have been born on February 10, 1818. He made no reference to the date of his birth in his autobiographical sketch in the *Congressional Directory*. He was born in Tullahoma, Coffee County, Tennessee, and before he was twenty-one removed to Mississippi, where he became a clerk. He studied law in spare moments, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He was soon elected to the Legislature. He entered Congress in 1848, and served two terms, and in 1853 settled in Memphis as a lawyer. In 1857, 1859, and 1861 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and thus became one of the Confederate War Governors. He espoused the



HON. ISHAM G. HARRIS.
Photographed by Bell.

cause of the South with zeal, and spent much time in the field with Generals A. S. Johnston, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, and Bragg. After Lee's surrender, Mr. Harris became one of the unreconcilables, and, a reward for his arrest having been issued by "Parson" Brownlow, he fled on horseback to Mexico, going from there to England, where he remained until 1867. He then returned to Memphis and practised law.

In 1876 Mr. Harris was a Presidential elector on the Tilden ticket in Tennessee. The storm aroused by the presence of this "unreconstructed rebel" on the ticket led to his resignation. He wrote a caustic letter, which aroused much enthusiasm, and really led to his election to the United States Senate in that year. He took his seat on March 4, 1877, and was re-elected in 1883, 1889, and 1895. He had received many honors in the Senate, having been President *pro tempore* of the Fifty-third Congress. He had assignments to the leading committees. His latest work of conspicuous importance was to help frame and secure the passage of the Wilson tariff law.

Senator Harris was regarded as an authority on parliamentary law, was frequently brusque and bitter in debate, but was animated by a high sense of public duty, and was never known to flag in his zeal for what he regarded as the best interests of the country.

AMATEUR SPORT

WHILE THE ALL-AMERICA NINE for '97 is perhaps the strongest one we have chosen of these annual hypothetical teams, yet the baseball of the inter-collegiate season just closed showed more weak play than any year of the past half-dozen. In the Middle West the explanation is easily found in the very considerable percentage of green material upon which most of the universities were compelled to depend.

In the East no such reason may be advanced outside of New Haven. It is true that Yale began the year with only three men of 'varsity experience, and that Captain

H. M. Keator (Yale), Captain and Centre Field.

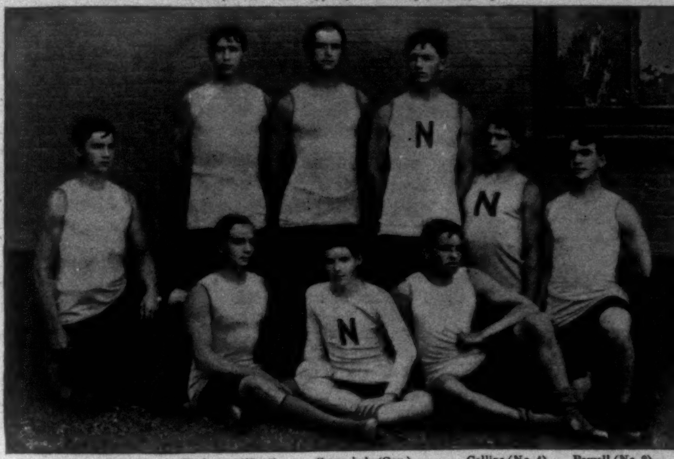
W. D. Phillips (Brown), Short Stop.

A. Letton (Yale), Third Base.

Keator developed his nine practically from untried material. But Princeton, Harvard, and Brown were unusually fortunate in the retention of their '96 'varsity members. Yet in no year within my recollection have the final games of these four universities revealed such loose playing. Loose play and heavy batting may be said, indeed, to have been the features of '97. On the other hand, no season has been marked by more brilliant fielding than every one of these teams showed on occasion. Better played or more interestingly contested games than the first Yale-Princeton, the first two Yale-Brown, the second Harvard-Brown, two of the Harvard-Holy Cross, and the third Harvard-Princeton have seldom been witnessed.

PRINCETON WAS MUCH THE STRONGEST TEAM, and showed the most consistent play. Loose work was apparent in all its games, save the third Harvard (won) and first Yale (lost), and undoubtedly explained by the ease with which the nine secured its victories. Out of twenty-five games played, Princeton lost two—one to Harvard, and one to Yale. With the exception of its third Harvard game—won, 2–0—all Princeton's winning games were easy, some of them, like the last two with Yale and the second with Brown, absurdly so. Princeton's heavy batting, the beautiful play of its out-field, and the numerical, more especially than the individual, strength of its pitching department, gave the nine a working advantage none of the others could approach. If, therefore, the team fell into loose play, it is perhaps pardonable, considering the few times the men had really to exert themselves in order to win.

Graham (Bow). Fischer (No. 5). McCarthy (Stroke), Capt.



Timmons (No. 6). Buchanan (No. 3). Greenslade (Cox.). Collins (No. 4). Powell (No. 2). Weichert (No. 7).
(Gannon pulled No. 7 in race with Pennsylvania.)

CREW OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

It was defeated 7 sec. in 2 miles by Cornell '99—four of whom afterwards had seats in Cornell's victorious 'Varsity—and beat Pennsylvania 'Varsity 28 sec. in 2 miles.

EVERY NINE SAVE PRINCETON suffered because of an impoverished pitching department; Brown was much weakened, and Yale went utterly to pieces, because of it.

Harvard and Yale opened the season each depending on a single pitcher; Paine continued in form to the last, and virtually won the Yale series for his team. Greenway, after splendid work against Princeton and Brown, winning one game from the former and two from the latter, fell a victim to malaria, and Yale tumbled from first-class play to mediocrity. A most commendable athletic reform movement set in motion by the Brown faculty cost that university her best two pitchers, and though the deprivation of their service probably had no affect on the nine's record of victories and defeats, yet it did make the Princeton games easier for that team.

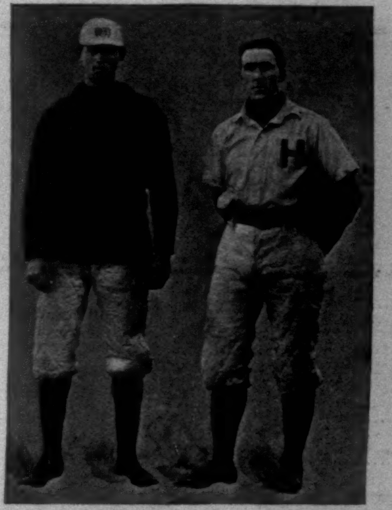
Yale suffered cruelly, for Captain Keator had developed a truly strong team, as its work against Brown proved. The loss of Greenway, however, disturbed the team's balance and demoralized its play. But for the phenomenal batting of Greenway (who went into left field after retiring from the box) and Camp—which turned the score in Yale's favor on several occasions—the consummate skill with which Keator advanced base-runners by singles and sacrifices and well-placed hits when most needed, Yale's showing would have been very indifferent. The feature of Yale's work was an ability to bunch hits, which is one of the essentials of winning baseball. Had Greenway remained in the box, there is small doubt in my mind that Yale would have won the Harvard series and been rated second on the list. As it is, the loss of its only first-class pitcher so unsettled the nine's work as to send it a place lower.

PRINCETON WAS EXPECTED to finish the season in the lead, and in that particular the team justified our confidence. Had the play of the in-field at all times equalled that of the out-field, the work of the nine would have been perfect. Kelley, however, at first base, was an exception to the occasional unsteadiness which possessed the other in-fielders. He had many trying chances, but made very few errors. Princeton was more erratic than weak in her in-field, for Smith at second base and Butler at short stop are both men whose best work is brilliant, and whose average work is very good. Third base came nearest to being a weak spot. Hildebrand is a player of average promise.

Easton, Bradley, and Altman, in the out-field, made a trio of great strength at the bat and in their positions. Time and again they kept the opponent's score down by fielding balls that seemed ungettable.

DESPITE THE winning of the Yale series, the Harvard nine failed signally to fulfil the promise with which it opened the season. It was practically the same nine that had represented Harvard in '96—centre field being the only position occupied by a new man. Yet the record of the team is, for such an aggregation, distinctly mediocre. This is explained by that policy, tolerated only at Harvard, which invests with peculiar perquisites those men having once filled a position on the nine, and ignores the possibilities of green but promising candidates. Such a policy could only have been answerable for the retention at the important post of short stop of a man whose fielding was so undependable as Chandler's; the same policy and the captaincy must have kept Dean at second base continuously. The errors of Harvard's short stop and second and third basemen made a costly total in Harvard's season, and could not be outweighed by the good work of the battery, the out-field, and the first-base man. If some of the candidates, notably Loughlin and Lynch, had been thoroughly tried and encouraged, there would have been a noticeable improvement in Harvard's work.

Perhaps this athletic esotericism partially explains some of Harvard's failures.



C. J. Paine (Harvard), Pitcher. D. D. Scannell (Harvard), Catcher.

J. Bradley (Princeton), Right Field. R. F. Easton (Princeton), Left Field.

THE ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE BASEBALL NINE FOR 1897.

PENNSYLVANIA DID AS WELL as could be expected, and perhaps a little better. Her team was composed almost entirely of new material, none of it above the average. She was beaten twice by Harvard, but by good work, and through her opponents' loose play, she was able to take one game each from Brown and Cornell. Beyond her catchers—Radcliffe and Hoeffer—the work of none of Pennsylvania's players is worthy of special mention in connection with the All-America nine.

Cornell, after making a very good showing against Princeton early in the season, and winning easily from Pennsylvania, fell off considerably, losing the second game to Pennsylvania, and, among others that seemed within the team's grasp, one to the New York University. The N.Y. U. nine, however, deserves a word of praise in passing. It was much stronger than those who had not kept in close touch with its work believed, and besides beating Cornell, it won from Vermont University, Trinity, and Fordham, and gave Wesleyan and Manhattan plenty of hard work to defeat it.

Cornell's most satisfactory work perhaps was against Michigan University, whose nine she twice defeated.

Captain Beacham, in the out-field, and catcher Young are worthy of especial mention as doing the best work for Cornell. Bole is a promising Freshman pitcher.

P. Haughton (Harvard), Second Base.

A. S. Redman (Brown), First Base.

ALTHOUGH the quality of college baseball has shown no advance over that of last year, the ethics of the players and of the game have improved immeasurably. This is particularly true in the Middle West, where the general athletic atmosphere has been substantially cleared of its former impurities. Except in spots, the West has settled to a wholesome athletic basis; some of the spots where reform is most needed are Notre Dame, Indiana, Western Pennsylvania, parts of Ohio and West Virginia.

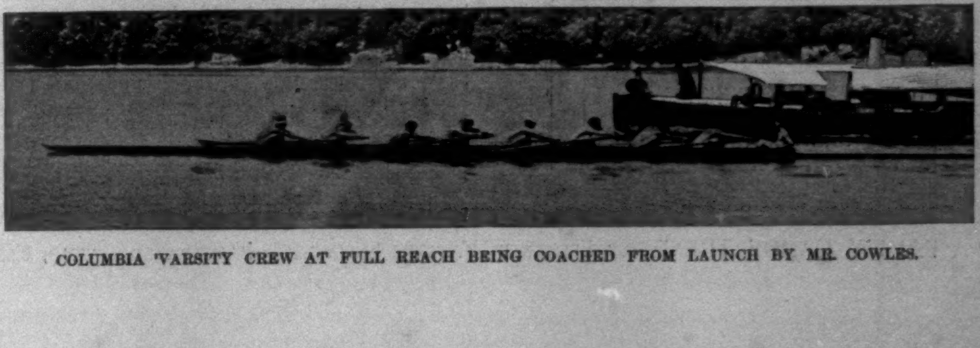
Here in the East, the "summer-nine" player, so-called, is gradually becoming extinct so far as his connection with college baseball is concerned. He is denied athletic recognition by rule at Pennsylvania and at Princeton and in the two New York State Inter-collegiate leagues, and by tradition and sentiment at Harvard and at Yale. Lehigh and Lafayette are at present formulating rules which will clear their teams of him next year, and the praiseworthy action of the Brown faculty this summer is an earnest that Brown, after championing that class of athlete so long, despite his rejection elsewhere, will at last publicly renounce him.

EXCEPTING THE YALE-PRINCETON SERIES, the cheering at the games has not been offensive. The first Yale-Princeton game, at New Haven, opened in a sportsmanly manner, and was so conducted, so far as I could see, up to the eighth inning. What occurred subsequently in that game I am not qualified to discuss, having left the grounds. Princeton claims interference from spectators in the excitement of the last two exciting innings. Scarcely a year has passed without some unpleasant contretemps anent spectators encroaching upon Yale's diamond, and certainly, however doubtful the claim this year, Princeton has suffered considerably in the past. Two wrongs, however, do not make a right, and Princeton's deliberate attempts to disconcert the Yale players at Princeton and in New York by prolonged vocal calisthenics were most displeasing exhibitions of the offensive degree to which college cheering may be carried.

Henceforth establish ground-rules that will obviate all further disputes between Yale and Princeton over blocked balls, etc., at New Haven.

Meantime let the unpleasant incidents of this year be forgotten.

In following the course of baseball at the larger Eastern



COLUMBIA 'VARSITY CREW AT FULL REACH BEING COACHED FROM LAUNCH BY MR. COWLES.

universities, it seemed to me this year that the schedule of games is growing too long and demanding too much travelling of the players. For example, Princeton left home on a Thursday, played Andover Friday, Harvard at Cambridge Saturday; went directly to New Haven, where the nine practised on the Yale field until Tuesday, when it met Harvard in the deciding game; returned home Wednesday, and played Brown. In other words, one week uninterruptedly devoted to baseball. A schedule so exacting seems to leave little time for recitations, not to mention study.

There appears to be room here for improvement.

THE SUMMARIZED SCORE of the Yale-Princeton Comedy of Errors, as the third and deciding game (June 19) of the series must be written down, we publish because it presents an interesting study, and will remain a not uninstructive record of this greatest game (of its kind) ever played by college teams:

PRINCETON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bradley, c. f.	2	0	1	1	0
Easton, l. f.	2	2	2	0	0
Kafer, c.	1	2	10	1	2
Kelley, 1st b.	2	2	10	0	1
Smith, 2d b.	4	0	2	5	0
Altman, r. f.	4	3	1	0	1
Butler, s. s.	2	4	0	3	1
Hildebrand, 3d b.	3	3	0	0	0
Jayne, p.	2	3	1	3	1
Totals	22	19	27	13	6

YALE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keator, c. f.	3	2	2	0	1
Hazen, 2d b.	2	1	1	1	0
Letton, 1st b.	1	2	9	0	0
Greenway, l. f.	0	0	1	1	1
Fincke, 3d b.	0	2	1	3	1
Camp, s. s.	1	2	1	2	0
Wallace, r. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Goodwin, c.	1	0	8	0	3
Fearey, p.	0	0	1	4	0
Hecker, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	8	9	27	12	6

Princeton	4	1	7	2	6	1	1	0	0—22
Yale	2	0	1	3	1	0	0	0	1— 8

Earned runs—Princeton, 7; Yale, 2. First base on balls—off Jayne, 6; off Fearey, 9; off Hecker, 1. First base on errors—Princeton, 1; Yale, 2. Left on bases—Princeton, 6; Yale, 9. Struck out—by Jayne, 9; by Fearey, 3; by Hecker, 1. Three-base hits—Altman, Jayne, Fincke. Two-base hits—Kafer, Butler (2), Hildebrand, Keator (2), Greenway, Camp. Stolen bases—Bradley, Kafer, Kelley, Smith (2), Butler (3), Hildebrand. Double plays—Fearey and Letton; Jayne, Smith, and Kelley; Kafer and Smith. Wild pitches—Jayne, 1; Fearey, 1. Passed balls—Kafer, 1; Goodwin, 3. Hit by pitcher—by Fearey, 2; by Hecker, 1. Umpire—Campbell. Attendance—8000. Time—2 hours and 50 minutes.

The umpiring in this final game was fair. In the first game of the series, at New Haven, it was positively the most inefficient I have ever seen; so inaccurate on balls and strikes as to be really ridiculous—to the spectators. Fortunately one team suffered as much as the other from absurd decisions.

As a matter of record the summarized score in the final (June 28) of the Harvard-Yale series is also published:

HARVARD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rand, l. f.	2	1	3	0	0
Haughton, 1st b.	0	1	7	1	1
Beale, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Scannell, c.	0	0	14	0	1
Stevenson, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	1
Burgess, r. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Dean, 2d b.	2	0	1	2	1
Chandler, s. s.	2	1	0	3	1
Paine, p.	2	1	1	0	0
Totals	10	5	27	8	5

YALE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keator, c. f.	2	3	3	0	1
Hazen, 2d b.	0	0	3	1	1
Letton, 1st b.	3	2	9	1	0
Greenway, l. f.	3	3	4	1	1
Reed, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	1
Camp, s. s.	0	2	3	3	0
Wallace, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Fincke, p.	0	0	2	2	2
Goodwin, c.	0	0	2	1	1
Totals	8	10	27	10	7

Harvard	1	3	0	4	0	0	0	2	0—10
Yale	0	1	0	2	2	0	3	0	0— 8

Earned runs—Yale, 3; Harvard, 1. Two-base hits—Camp, Greenway. Home-run—Greenway. Stolen bases—Harvard, 4; Yale, 2. Double play—Greenway and Hazen. First base on balls—off Paine, 4; off Fincke, 7. Hit by pitcher—Fincke, 2. Struck out—by Paine, 11; by Fincke, 1. Total hits made—by Yale, 9; by Harvard, 2. Passed ball—Goodwin. Wild pitch—Fincke. Time of game—2 hours and 30 minutes. Umpire—Campbell. Attendance—8000.

The season's record of the leading four college nines:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	
Princeton	25	23	2	1, Yale, 10-9. 1, Harvard, 7-4.
Brown	26	20	6	2, Princeton, 11-4 and 23-10. 2, Yale, 6-2 and 6-5. 1, Holy Cross, 12-0. 1, Pennsylvania, 5-3.
Yale	27	19	8	1, Wesleyan, 4-3. 1, Virginia, 12-5. 1, Lafayette, 11-8. 1, Brown, 19-9. 2, Princeton, 16-8 and 22-8. 2, Harvard, 7-5 and 10-8.
Harvard	25	16	9	1, New Bedford, 7-4. 1, Dartmouth, 4-3. 3, Brown, 8-2, 4-0, and 13-7. 2, Princeton, 6-3 and 2-0. 2, Holy Cross, 3-2 and 6-2.

The record of games between the four:

	Princeton.	Brown.	Yale.	Harvard.	Games won.
Princeton	..	2	2	2	6
Brown	0	..	1	3	4
Yale	1	2	..	..	3
Harvard	1	0	2	..	3
Games lost	2	4	5	5	

IN THE NEW ENGLAND TRIANGULAR LEAGUE, Williams, after beginning the season rather discouragingly, has for the third successive season won the pennant over Dartmouth and Amherst. Dartmouth through the first games of the season seemed the strongest nine of the three, and in fact, in games with Williams, has one more to its credit. Amherst, however, proved to be the deciding factor, since by defeating her in four successive games Williams bettered Dartmouth's record, and captured the triangular championship.

	Williams.	Dartmouth.	Amherst.	Won.
Williams		1*	4	5
Dartmouth	2*		2	4
Amherst		2		2
Lost	2	3	6	

* Tied.

Several first-class players have been revealed by the New England series. Goodrich, the Williams first-base man, is nearly as good as the best of the year. Plunkett, of the same nine, who succeeded Lewis (one of the very best pitchers New England baseball has ever developed), has done splendid work, and is quite the best in his section. Ross, his back stop, is entitled to especial mention, as is also Drew, catcher of Dartmouth. Errors were plentiful in this league's play, and, as elsewhere, the quality of baseball not equal to that shown hitherto.

IN CHOOSING AN ALL-AMERICA NINE, I beg leave to append my annual statement—viz., that the candidate's ethical status, his steadiness, his head-work, his all-round fielding and batting ability, are taken into consideration. It is this Department's aim to select from the colleges of the United States a team comprising the most skilful and the most athletically healthful players revealed in the year of inter-collegiate baseball. With that end in view, the following team is offered:

ALL-AMERICA '97 BASEBALL NINE.

Name.	Position.	University.	Batting average.	Fielding average.
C. J. Paine, Jr.	Pitcher.	Harvard.	*.203	.884
D. D. Scannell	Catcher.	Harvard.	.252	.974
A. S. Rodman	First base.	Brown.	.356	.997
P. Haughton	Second base.	Harvard.	.325	.975
H. Letton	Third base.	Yale.	.292	.954
W. D. Phillips	Short stop.	Brown.	.237	.878
R. F. Easton	Left field.	Princeton.	..	..
H. M. Keator	Captain and Centre field.	Yale.	.346	.914
J. Bradley	Right field.	Princeton.	..	..
SUBSTITUTES.				
Jayne	Pitcher.	Princeton.	..	..
Kafer	Catcher.	Princeton.	..	..
Fultz	In-fielder.	Brown.	.392	.939
Rand	Out-fielder.	Harvard.	.314	.916

* These figures are made before the final game, but are relatively accurate. Princeton's averages were not sent us.

PITCHING SEEMS TO HAVE SHARED in the general retrogression, for only Harvard has equalled her work of last year. Paine is not a pitcher of extraordinary curves or speed, but he is thoroughly first-class in every particular. He has a tendency on occasions to pitch wild, and with an ordinary back stop his work would lose much of its effectiveness; but as a rule his control is good. He uses his head as much as his arm.

Princeton has been plentifully supplied with pitchers this year, but the one with the greatest natural ability, Wilson, has been entirely off his form. Jayne is new to university baseball, but seldom has a man made such a first-year record, and that, too, with malaria handicapping him a part of the time. Jayne's strength is in his judgment and change of pace. It may safely be asserted that if he maintains next year the pace he showed on occasion this season, he will lead the list in '98. He has more natural ability than any of the others save Wilson; he requires development and the steadiness which comes by experience. Princeton did not call on Easton this year, but Altman showed once or twice, when called to the rescue, notable skill, considering his lack of practice. Other pitchers who have done excellent work are Townsend of Wesleyan, Plunkett of Williams, and, for a Freshman, Bole of Cornell and Clarke of Chicago.

After Greenway gave out, Yale tried Fearey and Hecker in the box, and finally settled upon Fincke, who, without any especial ability, yet arose to the emergency, and saved his team from wanton slaughter.

THE SUPPLY OF CATCHERS for '97 showed a somewhat better average than that seen in the box. Yale suffered disappointment in this position also, as Murphy, the '96 incumbent, and the best of her candidates, appeared for a single game only. Goodwin, who practically caught for the season, has the making of a good man, but was not up to the average this year.

Kafer, like Jayne, played his first 'varsity ball this year, and made a notable record. Princeton has had few better men behind the bat. Young made a trustworthy back stop for Cornell. But, after all, Scannell seems undeniably most qualified for the place on the All-America team. He is a steady, reliable player, who has filled his position on the Harvard nine most creditably for several years. He does not throw to second so speedily or so accurately as Kafer, perhaps, but in other respects he is superior, and, above all, he exerts a steadying influence on Paine and on the team.

OF FIRST-BASE MEN there is, indeed, an embarrassment of riches with Haughton (Harvard), Letton (Yale), Kelley (Princeton), Rodman (Brown), and Goodrich (Williams). The quality of work averages higher than last year, although—Goodrich excepted—the same men occupied the position in '96. Kelley particularly greatly improved upon his work of '96, and his skill was put to severe test by infielders who were as likely to put the ball a yard above his head as at his feet. His batting, however, was not so much in evidence as last year. Rodman's record in fielding has never to my knowledge been excelled in amateur baseball; to accept 284 out of 285 chances, for a total average of .997, or within three of perfect, in twenty games, is remarkable.

Fultz this year made the best record at second base—his improvement over last year in batting being considerable—but I cannot give him a place on the national nine, because I have a better man. Haughton would perhaps make even a more brilliant record at second than at first. He is a sure fielder, and throws around the bases easily, swiftly, and accurately. Smith made a brilliant second-base man for Princeton, but like Butler, short stop of the same nine, he is not sufficiently steady to be considered high-class. His batting was good.

Third base has been a vulnerable spot at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton; at Brown it was filled by a man, Lauder, whose batting reached the very high average of .490, but whose fielding dropped to .872, which is quite the lowest of the really first-class men. No man playing the position this year has proved himself a high-class third-base man.

I propose putting Letton, who played first for Yale and is too good a man to lose, on third in the national team, and I have full confidence in his ability to make the same good record there he has at first.

SHORT STOP HAS BEEN a troublesome place in every team save Brown's, where Phillips's long experience contributed to the really only steady in-field of the leading four universities. His title to the place on the All-America nine is too clear to require explanation. At the same time there were two other short stops this year—Butler of Princeton and Camp of Yale—who, with another season's work to steady them, would both beat out Phillips for national honors. Both are more brilliant, and each has batted heavily. Camp's work with the stick in particular being of great value to his nine. But neither is steady, although both showed much improvement at the end of the season. Camp's batting average was .313 and his fielding .812. Princeton's figures have not reached me, but Butler's averages must have been about Camp's—possibly a trifle poorer in fielding. No other short stop approached these men in performance, Chandler of Harvard having .240 in batting and .796 in fielding, which is the lowest fielding average of any player on the leading four nines.

There was no scarcity of first-class material in the outfields this year. At least five of the men might be appropriately and accurately described as stars—Bradley, Easton, and Altman of Princeton, Keator of Yale, and Rand of Harvard—while Beale (Harvard) and Beacham (Cornell) are entitled to especial mention. Princeton's outfield was the strongest and Brown's the weakest of the four. In left field Easton and Rand easily outclass all the others. Both have done notably clever work all through the season, Easton having perhaps the longer record of brilliant plays to his credit, and the best batting average. He is, moreover, an exceedingly clever base-runner, and can go into the pitcher's box on occasion. All points considered, he is one of the best left-fielders college baseball has developed.

AT CENTRE FIELD HAVE BEEN two of the best all-round amateur baseball-players I have ever seen—Bradley of Princeton and Keator of Yale. Only one man within my recollection knew as much baseball as these two, and could fill more positions better, and that one man was the old Yale pitcher, Carter. Both Bradley and Keator field their positions faultlessly and are strong at the bat. Keator is the most certain hitter on the college list, and is one of the very few who gives direction to the ball rather than simply "lining it out." He handles men successfully and quietly—the latter a rare quality in college captains, who usually keep themselves very much in the spectator's eye.

I shall have Keator at centre on the All-America nine, and by putting Bradley at right, feel, with Easton at left, that the '97 out-field is the strongest I have ever chosen. Rand and Altman are both so well qualified for the position of substitute out-fielder that it is exceedingly difficult to make a choice between them. Both have done good work—brilliant work at times, and Altman is a little stronger at the bat. He is less active, however, than Rand, his possibilities are the sooner reached, and in my judgment Rand will be the more valuable.

For substitute in-fielder Fultz of Brown appears the most worthy. He has the high batting average of .392, and the thoroughly first-class fielding average of .939. Kafer (Princeton) is my choice for change catcher, notwithstanding the good work done by Young of Cornell. Jayne (Princeton) would be the first choice for the box after Paine.

Neither the West nor South developed a player whose record and ethics fit him for candidacy to the national team.

And thus the All-America nine is complete, and in its entirety is the strongest I have ever chosen. Comparing the leading four teams—Princeton had the strongest outfield, Brown the strongest in-field, Harvard the strongest battery, and Yale the best captain.

IN CLOSING COMMENT on the college baseball season of '97, we wish to repeat our exhortation to college men against joining any of the so-called "summer nines"—*i.e.*, nines at whose games an admission-fee is charged—unless the gate is for a charitable purpose or some worthy institution dependent upon public support. Men who play on "summer nines" will not thereafter be considered eligible to represent their college in any branch of athletics. Warning is sounded also against those "all-collegiate" teams, organized by speculative gentlemen for the purpose of touring the summer resorts on a "strictly amateur" basis. I know of one such hailing from Philadelphia which I am watching. We hope there will be no names added to our list of ineligibles.

THE SOUTHERN INTER-COLLEGIATE championship track-athletic meeting once again recorded the success of Vanderbilt University, and illustrated the increasing interest and quality of performance in the South, for in the programme of twelve events new records were established in nine. From a Northern point of view the times appear poor, but, under the circumstances, they really were exceedingly good. There is no such preparation and athletic paraphernalia in the South as there is in the North and West.

Vanderbilt scored 46 points; University of the South, 22; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 14; University of Georgia, 13; Kentucky State College, 5; University of Nashville, 5; Cumberland University, 3.

THE SOUTHERN INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC RECORDS.

Event.	Record.	Holder.	College.
100-yard dash	*10 1-5 sec.	J. A. Selden.	Univ. of South.
220-yard dash	*24 1-5 "	W. S. Cothran.	U. of Georgia.
440-yard run	*53 3-5 "	E. M. Underwood.	Vanderbilt.
880-yard run	2 m. 5 1-2 "	Stokes.	Ala. Poly. Inst.
Mile run	4 " 48 "	Van Ness.	Ala. Poly. Inst.
120-yard hurdles	*16 4-5 "	T. Buchanan.	Univ. of South.
220-yard hurdles	28 4-5 "	W. Polk.	Vanderbilt.
16-lb. hammer	*97 ft. 2 1-2 in.	W. M. Crutchfield.	Vanderbilt.
16-lb. shot	*37 " 1 "	W. M. Crutchfield.	Vanderbilt.
High jump	*5 " 7 3-4 "	T. Buchanan.	Univ. of South.
Broad jump	*20 " 9 1-4 "	C. Weaver.	U. of Georgia.
Pole vault	*10 " 1-2 "	C. E. Smith.	Ky. State Coll.

* Made at '97 meeting.

At this rate of improvement it will not be long before Southern records will compare favorably with those North and West.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of June, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets and avenues in the

12th WARD: 178th STREET, between Amsterdam Avenue and Kingsbridge Road.

23d WARD: SPENCER PLACE, from East 144th St., to East 150 St.

23d and 24th WARDS: STEBBINS AVENUE, from Dawson St. to Boston Road.

24th WARD: OAKLEY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Verio Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, June 30, 1897.

NOTICE: Estimates for paving at West 51st Street, North River, with second-hand granite blocks, laying crosswalks, and building the necessary drains and appurtenances, Contract No. 593, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," North River, until 12 o'clock M., Wednesday, July 14th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE: Estimates for dredging between Bank and Bethune Streets, Contract 580; and for dredging between Bethune and West Twelfth Streets, North River, Contract 587, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, North River, until 12 o'clock M., July 20th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

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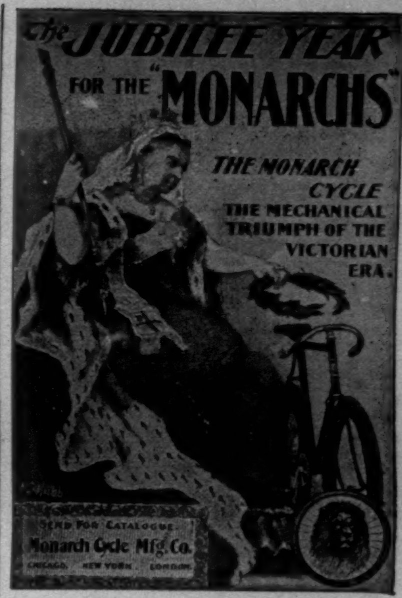

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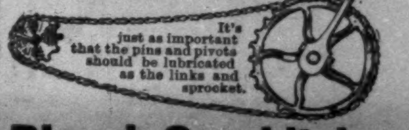

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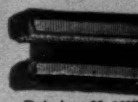

Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.

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